

C N CALLING

There is but one task for
all,
One life for each to give:
Who stands if Freedom
fall?
Who dies if England live?
Rudyard Kipling

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

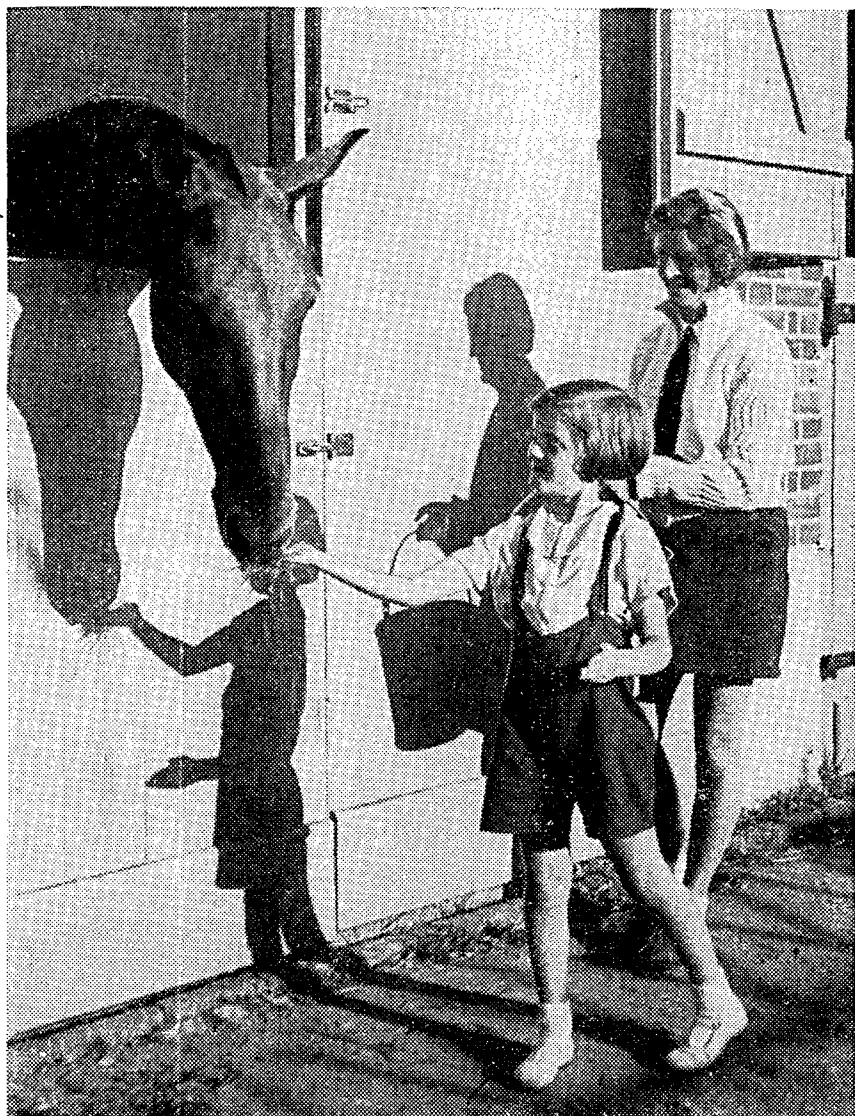
**THE NOBLE
DAUGHTER
OF POLAND**

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AN EVACUEE MEETS A NEW FRIEND

The Fleet Without a Parallel

THE British Navy is once more the sure shield by which, in the last resort, the freedom and liberty of the democracies are protected from destruction.

It maintains the British Expeditionary Force, fighting with an enormous array of mechanical armament on foreign soil. Every man, every gun, tank, and rifle, all the munitions for that armament as well as for the war-planes, together with all the food and medicines required hourly by our troops, have to be carried from England over perilous waters to the scene of the fighting.

The Navy alone makes possible the achievement of this gigantic undertaking. The work goes on quietly, methodically, without fuss or flurry, as if the task were but a flowering of a Naval Review in the happy days of peace.

Yet no other Navy has ever been able to perform anything comparable with this day-to-day wonder of wonders.

The mastery of the Channel, which our Navy makes safe for fighters and merchant seamen, has always been the vain quest of our enemies. Philip of Spain built his Invincible Armada for the purpose. Louis the Fourteenth, during his long wars with us, would have given one of his kingdoms to secure a safe passage for his troops across that vital waterway.

Napoleon declared that if he could have command of the Channel for only 24 hours he would invade and overthrow England; but the only time he crossed it was when he was brought over it a prisoner on a British warship.

The Germans during the Great War sought as fruitlessly to challenge our passage, but for nearly five years we maintained in France the greatest British army ever raised in our history.

And now once more in silent majesty the Navy secures the way, and men and munitions pass as in peace time, invulnerable against a desperate foe. Never has our Navy had any parallel but itself.

MARSHAL BLÜCHER AND BROTHER WELLINGTON

Hurrying to Beat Napoleon

It would have thrilled the spirit of the fiery old Marshal Blücher, Commander of the German army, could he have read the famous Blue Book describing the last days of the British Ambassador in Berlin.

In it Sir Nevile Henderson quoted Blücher as a supreme example of a man keeping his word, the incident relating to the Waterloo campaign, when Blücher and Wellington planned to join forces to resist the last desperate challenge of Napoleon.

Before a junction between the two armies could be effected Blücher was overtaken by the French and heavily defeated, and he himself was knocked down and ridden over three times by cavalry. During that evening Wellington made a hazardous ride to the quarters of Blücher and obtained a promise from him that he would bring his Prussians the next day to the side of the outnumbered British and their untrained allies.

Blücher had under-estimated the difficulty of getting a defeated army to a new battlefield through a long and complicated route by way of miry forest roads; but he appealed to the

high sense of honour of his soldiers, and it was this appeal with which Sir Nevile Henderson confronted Hitler in the critical midnight meeting before the War.

"Our word was our word," said Sir Nevile, "and we would never break it." In the old days Germany's word had the same value, and he quoted a passage about Marshal Blücher from a book which he knew Hitler had read, the passage containing Blücher's exhortation to his troops when hurrying to the support of Wellington at Waterloo.

Forward, my children (said Blücher), I have given my word to my Brother Wellington, and you cannot wish me to break it.

Had Hitler been a good German he might have been moved, but his answer was that things were different 125 years ago, to which the British Ambassador replied, "Not so far as England is concerned."

Marshal Blücher did keep his word, and although he failed to arrive before five in the afternoon, he was in time to share in the victory which shattered the tyranny of Napoleon.

JOURNEY'S END

It is never too late to tell a little tale of our evacuees.

We hear it from one of those Girl Guides who never fail the country in these days. She is a teacher and had her party of children sorted out in the village hall. This done, a doctor appeared on the scene and declared that each child must be examined, so the children were undressed, examined, and dressed again, and finally packed up with emergency rations complete, ready to set out for their unknown home.

It was two miles away, they had been told, and at the second mile they called at a farm in vain, but were told where Miss So-and-So lived. Arriv-

ing at the place they found two houses, a modern suntrap one and an ancient, wooden cottage. "You will find her in one of them," somebody said.

They went to the modern one first, but though the windows were open and the chimney was smoking there was no one at home, and they crossed to the wooden cottage. The lady was at the door. "Ah, yes," she said, "so you have come! Well, that is your house. I have lighted the fire for you and, thinking you might be very tired, I have laid the tea in the lounge."

The little teacher could have wept for joy, for the house was a lovely place, with running water, and everything seeming too good to be true.

Blind Sarah Leads

Strange things happen in these days. A number of ladies connected with a church at Gorton, Manchester, wanted to attend a meeting at the church, but as it was to be held at night they were rather afraid of going out because of the Black-out. One of them had a brain-wave. Why not ask Blind Sarah to take them? So they did, and Blind Sarah, who has lived 60 years in a total black-out, led the new blind to the church.

Strangers & Brothers

Two brothers, Jean and Frederick Graylen, met for the first time the other day since they were babies.

Jean is in the French Army and Fred is in our R.A.M.C. The boys' father, Mr F. Graylen of Skipsea in Yorkshire, married a French lady who died, and it came to pass that Jean was brought up with his mother's people and Frederick with his father's. When they met the other day neither could speak the language of the other.

THE PILOT SEES IT THROUGH A Story of Rangoon Harbour

We have received from a correspondent the story of a stirring episode in Rangoon harbour, a crowded harbour with high tides where manoeuvring is often so exciting that an inch of space is important. The pilot concerned is a good Scotsman who must be nameless, as his modesty is equal to his courage.

It was on a Saturday morning about ten o'clock when the pilot received news that a launch with 40,000 gallons of petrol was on fire alongside one of the jetties of the Burma Oil Company. He set off at once in his own launch to find two fire-boats tackling the blaze, but realised that unless it was taken away from the wharf the whole place would be blown up.

If a wire could be attached it could be towed out, but who was to take the risk of going on board? There was not a moment to lose, and it was the pilot himself who, with a wet cloth wrapped over his face, boarded the burning launch and fixed the wire.

Towing a Blazing Launch

The work of towing now began, when suddenly the fastened end burned through and the tide started to carry the wreck up among ships lying at anchor in the harbour. With five other men the pilot went after it in a rowing boat, and although the heat was intense they managed to get alongside again, when a shout of warning went up and they found themselves being crushed between the blazing wreck and a ship at anchor. With their little boat beginning to sink, they jumped for their lives on to a buoy, and were picked up by sampans and taken back to their own launch.

Still undaunted, the pilot went out in another small boat, and after many attempts managed to get the wire attached again and had the blazing hulk towed down river on to a sandbank.

The Wreck Breaks Up

It was now four in the afternoon and the pilot, with an arm and leg burned and a gash on his shin, went home. *But only for a change of clothes!* The fire was still raging, and danger would come again in a few hours with the turn of the tide, unless the wreck was anchored to the sandbank. With this finally achieved the pilot and his men were returning home when the wreck suddenly broke up and thousands of tins of blazing petrol were released.

The whole river was ablaze now, an awe-inspiring sight, and there was only one thing left. The pilot sent out a general S O S for launches to come out with their hoses and make a mass attack on the fires, but it was not until four on Sunday morning that the last fire was extinguished. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, and the pilot had seen it through.

A Short War For a Long Peace

Money Thrown Away

It will be long before the world forgets the stories that survivors of the Courageous have been telling of the scenes and deeds that followed the torpedoing of their ship.

They all tell of fortitude, unshaken nerve, and, once more, of that inimitable asset of the British sailor, unquenchable humour in the hour of crisis. At a glance we can feel sure that several of these wonderful tales of gallantry amid the terrors of unexpected calamity will live for ever in the books that tell of the life of our incomparable Navy.

One survivor, a Scottish laddie, has been telling how, following the explosions, he saw money thrown into the sea. Told to save themselves by leaping into the water, a number of sailors were seen by the lad to pull out their money and to sort it carefully over. The silver and Treasury

notes they stowed in their body-belts; the weighty coppers they hurled into the water, and then plunged in, so much the lighter—and poorer—for their swim.

Such a moment came to Sir Ernest Shackleton and his crew in the Antarctic when their little ship the Endurance, having been imprisoned for nine months in the icy waste, could endure no longer and sank, broken to fragments.

The only hope of safety lay, after camping on the ice-pack, in a tremendous boat journey of 800 miles, and as every pound of weight was an encumbrance that might retard escape, all personal belongings that could be spared had to be discarded.

When all else that was dispensable had gone, skipper and crew went through their pockets and every man threw away his sovereigns.

Paying For Hitler's War

How is the Hitler War to be paid for?

The ideal would be to pay for its expenses as we go. In practice this cannot be done, for the reason that the cost is so high that it would unduly hit the nation to ask it to pay at once.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had, therefore, to compromise. He is increasing our taxes, direct and indirect, and finding it necessary to borrow. The sums so borrowed will bear interest and year by year part of them will be paid off. By this means the war will be paid for over a considerable period. All the cost,

in the long run, will come out of taxes. So enormous has been our war expenditure in the past that the nation has on its shoulders an existing National Debt of roundly £7500,000,000, or £160 for every man, woman, and child in the land! When we say National Debt we do not mean that the nation owes anything to other nations, but that the Government is *in debt to its own citizens* for money borrowed from them.

We do not know what the Hitler War will cost us; all depends on whether the war becomes a world war, drawing in many nations as the Great War did in 1914.

NEWS DICTIONARY

Blitzkrieg. A German word meaning lightning war, it is applied to the theory that a sudden and overwhelming attack will achieve a quick knock-out blow. It can succeed, of course, against weaker opponents, but if the first blow is warded off there is more war than lightning.

Camouflage. It is the art and science of concealment applied to warfare. The development of aerial observation and photography in the last war created the necessity for hiding all objects of military importance, and many ingenious methods were adopted for concealing vehicles, buildings, guns, and so on. Apart from the wooden horse of Troy, perhaps the earliest example of camouflage was khaki (a Hindu word for dust). In the Indian Mutiny uniforms of dust-coloured material known as khaki were first worn by British troops to render them comparatively invisible, but in previous campaigns soldiers fought in brilliant uniforms which were anything but invisible.

The irregular pattern painted on ships in the last war was often called camouflage, but were more correctly named dazzle-painting, as the object was not to hide the ship but to make her a confusing and uncertain target for a submarine.

Convoy. The word means any escort or protecting force, and is specially used for a number of merchant ships crossing an ocean in formation with an escort of warships to protect them from submarine attack. It was this system which defeated the U-boat menace in the last war.

Ersatz. This German word meaning substitute is now often in the news, for it is applied to the artificial goods which have replaced those made from natural materials of which Germany has a

shortage. Some of these substitutes are good and cheap, others, such as clothes of a paper-like substance, are not likely to stand hard wear.

Filibustering. This is the word used in America for the methods used by a minority to obstruct the passage of a law. They make long speeches, move amendments, and do all they can within the rules to delay the measure they dislike. The word originally meant buccaneering, filibuster being in English freebooter.

Isolationist. The groups in America who are opposing President Roosevelt's efforts to alter the Neutrality Act are called Isolationists because they desire that America should in no circumstances engage in a war begun between other countries. This policy of standing detached from all nations in the Old World has always been strongly held in America.

Military Attaché. In time of war neutral Powers often send officers to be attached to the field staff of each belligerent for the purpose of making independent reports to their governments. In time of peace the term is used for military officers attached to the embassy to observe and report on matters of professional interest.

Sabotage. The destruction of machinery in Czech factories during the revolt last month was a form of sabotage which for once won the approval of the French, who gave the world this word. A sabot is the wooden shoe or clog worn by poor people, and sabotage is really "violence by kicking with the sabot." The word acquired its present meaning about 50 years ago when the French Labour Confederation recognised it as a weapon to be employed in industrial disputes.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

From 30 to 40 new Guide Companies and Brownie Packs were formed in the first fortnight of the war.

The 280 boys of St Andrew's school at Worthing are digging up a field to grow vegetables.

Many women are wearing white stockings for the black-out hours.

The Emir Abdullah, ruler of Transjordan, ended a speech to his people the other day by praying for an Allied victory.

All Jews in Germany are being compelled to leave their wireless sets at the police station.

Professor Freud, one of the world's great scientists, driven from Vienna because he was a Jew, has just passed away in England.

A petty officer in a hurry to enlist jumped the other day from a merchant ship at Lisbon and swam two miles across the Tagus to another ship leaving for England.

India is to send to this country 152,000,000 sandbags before the end of this year.

The German people have been urged to gather nettles, to be used for textile material.

We hear of a little collision in the black-out, which ended in a polite apology: "Sorry, mate; I thought you were a sheet of darkness."

Belle Vue Zoo at Manchester has been inundated with offers of animals from private owners all over England.

Boy Scouts in a London district have undertaken to guide people through the streets at night and carry air raid warnings to deaf people.

When the first German prisoners arrived in England the other day a woman was heard to say to one "Hard luck mate." The prisoner replied "Not so hard!"

The Cheerful Guides

A correspondent sends us this note, which we gladly print as a tribute to the good work the Guides are doing everywhere.

At a London fire station so many of the Women's Branch of the Auxiliary Fire Service are Guiders that their quarters have taken on the air of a great Guide Camp! It is interesting to see the signs of Guide training appearing in the neatly rolled bedding and the general cheerful tidiness of the dormitories, and the store room has very much the atmosphere of a Quartermaster's tent. The Quartermaster, who is a Guider, has her work cut out, for she caters for 98 hungry young women. But she remains very cheerful in spite of everything, for a guide *must* be cheerful.

THINGS SEEN

A woman driving a car fast through a Cheshire town, patting a dog on her lap.

Sprays of blossom among the ripe fruit on apple trees.

A cyclist with three glow-worms in his lamp.

A bean plant 15 feet high, covered in flowers and beans, climbing up a pear tree full of fruit and blossom at South Woodford.

OPENING WEEKS OF THE WAR

The Gains and Losses

We have been weighing our gains against our losses for the opening weeks of the war.

In either case the whole tale is not available for very good reasons, and of course it is impossible to give a material value to that moral force which means so much for victory.

Victory in this war, as in the last, and as in all our wars, will depend on Sea Power, and the beginning of our task has been decidedly favourable.

In the first case our Navy has driven all German ships from the seas except in the land-locked Baltic, over a million tons of German shipping having disappeared. Some have been captured, but the majority have taken hurried refuge in the ports of neutrals or have decided to remain in them.

1917 and Now

Only submarines dare venture forth, and their success has been far less than during the Great War, in spite of the fact that they were able to take up strategic positions on the trade routes before Hitler began the war.

The toll of the U-boats during the first two weeks was about 30 merchant vessels and trawlers, the liner *Athenia*, and the aircraft carrier *Courageous*. The mercantile tonnage lost totalled 140,000 tons, with a loss of 140 lives.

In April 1917 our weekly loss was 39 ships, or 127,000 tons, so that the bigger number and larger size of German submarines on active service today has met with much less success. On the contrary, their losses have been twice as heavy, for we began the war by destroying three a week, as against one a week in the last war.

Captures

One of the most serious problems at the start of the last war was the prevention of contraband reaching Germany on neutral ships. Eventually we solved the problem; but today we have been able to check these sources of supply at once, with very little interference with the trade of neutrals, as it is in our interest that as much trading as possible should continue.

In the first fortnight of the war 180,000 tons of contraband goods on their way to Germany were intercepted, including 30,000 tons of manganese ore, an essential ingredient in certain steels, of which Germany imports 400,000 tons a year; 48,000 tons of petroleum; 42,000 tons of iron ore; and 8000 tons of haematite ore. The value of the captures cannot be far short of £1,000,000.

Most of these cargoes were, of course, loaded before the owners of the neutral vessels knew of the war, so the ships carrying them are being allowed to proceed to their home ports carrying only goods for their own people.

A Parcel for an Old Friend?

If any of our readers have old suits for men (or even odd pairs of trousers), a great friend of the C.N. would be delighted to make good use of them in Whitechapel. The parcel should be addressed to Miss Mary Hughes, 71 Vallance Road, Whitechapel, E 1.



ENGLAND'S OLD FRIENDS

Ploughing at Fingest in Bucks



A SAIL ON THE THAMES

Naval cadets of the Nautical College at Pangbourne

ALL FROM A JUG OF HOT COFFEE

A Good Thing Still Going On

Three years ago a man-with-a-mind saw a boy running toward a fire in a lumber yard with a huge pot of coffee. He was rushing to the aid of the exhausted fire-fighters.

"There ought to be something better than that to sustain our fire-fighters," the man said, and as soon as the fire was vanquished he went home and thought about it.

First he fitted up a firemen's coffee stall that could be rushed up hill and down dale to a fire anywhere. Then there were train wrecks, explosions, mine disasters and plane crashes where this coffee stall was called on to serve.

The Dream Coach

But a great deal more than this is wanted at a scene of calamity. The man-with-a-mind saw this, and asked the members of the local fire department in Portland, Oregon, to draw up the specifications for a dream coach to help in as many sorts of accidents as they would be likely to encounter in a lifetime.

This dream coach has now been made a reality by a firm of bus builders. It is called, after a famous fireman of Oregon, the Jay W. Stevens Disaster Service Unit, and it is equipped with 1200 articles, among them skis, snowshoes, and toboggans to reach the victims of plane crashes in the high mountains, a steel-cutting outfit, powerful jacks, tool kits and a winch to help with train wrecks, stretchers, a complete set of surgical instruments, and a steriliser. The operating table is built into the coach.

It has a portable power plant capable of flood-lighting a village, a public address system that can broadcast the human voice from microphone, radio, or telephone, so that officers may direct rescue work from inside a burning building or from distant places. There are gas and smoke-proof helmets with receiving and sending wireless sets inside, so that a fireman in the midst of smoke and flames can send important messages to helpers outside.

The Man With a Mind

The loudspeaker on top of the coach can be heard for two miles.

But among all these marvels of engineering and science the man-with-a-mind has not forgotten the boy he saw running to cheer the fire-fighters with a pot of coffee. Tucked neatly behind the driver's seat there is a hot-plate with a coffee urn, a board underneath for making sandwiches, and just below a huge drawer full of mugs.

This magnificent instrument for lessening human suffering is 30 feet long, eight feet wide, and over nine feet high. It can travel at a speed of 60 miles an hour on its errands of mercy.

This is just one example of what men-with-minds can do to make life safer and better when their energies are not absorbed in inventing and manipulating machines for destruction.

Portland Fire Department, we salute you for your service to mankind!

C-in-C OF FRANCE

The Man Who Will Crush the Nazi Tyranny

THE most outstanding figure in France today, after President Lebrun and Prime Minister Daladier, is General Maurice Gustave Gamelin, in supreme command of all the armed forces of France, whether on the ground, at sea, or in the air.

Never before in the modern history of France has such power been placed in the hands of one man, and it may be said at once that General Gamelin has earned it. But, it may be said, a marshal is above a general, and there still live Marshal Pétain and that famous leader Marshal Franchet d'Espérey, who commanded the Fifth Army in the victory of the Marne.

The Marshal's Baton

Pétain and d'Espérey are, of course, too old for active service, and it is a French rule that no general can obtain that marshal's baton which Napoleon declared was in every Frenchman's knapsack until he has won it in the field.

As a junior officer already high in the esteem of General Joffre, Maurice Gamelin fought in the decisive battle of the Marne. He was then 42, and continued to fight for France till the end of the Great War. Then important work as an administrator was found for him in Syria, held by France under a mandate, and in Morocco, the new French Protectorate in North Africa which Marshal Lyautey pacified and his successors civilised.

Step by step General Gamelin rose to be Chief of the General Staff, and when, in January 1935, General Weygand retired, he became second man on the Higher War Council.

France was beginning to recognise that danger threatened, and next year M. Daladier was appointed Minister of National Defence as well as Minister for War, the first civilian to be responsible for the entire organisation of national defence.

When M. Chautemps was Premier in January last year General Gamelin received the news that he was to be

in supreme command should war break out, and in the meantime his new task would be to prepare for that day as Chief of the General Staff of National Defence.

It was an appointment without precedent in France, for in addition to being the executive officer under M. Daladier in the coordination of the three fighting forces, General Gamelin was given the sole responsibility for armaments programmes, both of construction and manufacture. All plans for mobilisation and the future strategy



in any campaign were his province and all plans for cooperation with prospective allies were passed by him.

For 18 months he has been working to make France invincible. The hour has now struck, and, as Commander-in-Chief, General Gamelin advances to crush the Nazi menace until it is driven off the earth.

Who Would Be a Neutral?

THE HARD CASE OF THE NATIONS LOOKING ON

IN this war in which morally there can be no neutrality, neutrals are springing up all over the world.

The little nations are quickest to declare it, hoping to shelter themselves in their dug-outs of neutrality from the fire raging about them.

They are not alone. Great nations, and the greatest republic of all, the United States, have joined them. So deep is the dread of war that no nation would willingly be drawn into it unless its life and liberty were immediately threatened—or unless it were one of those bandit nations seeking profit and power from destroying its neighbours.

Neutrality Invades the World

It is in Europe where the fire is fiercest and nearest that the shelters have multiplied fastest. Rumania, Yugo-Slavia, and Greece have declared themselves neutrals because they must. Italy remains neutral while waiting on events. Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium hold fast by their neutrality.

The northern countries, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, were neutral in the last war, and they hope to keep their neutrality in this, because otherwise they would be between two fires. The little peoples of Latvia, Estonia, and Finland cling to their neutrality rather fearfully. They may remember that Great Britain refused Russia's bribe to endanger it.

Portugal, though our oldest ally, is a neutral, and we ask nothing more of her. Spain is neutral and we expect nothing less. Russia has been at pains to assure all and sundry that she is neutral, but that is an assurance to which her acts have already given the lie. And lastly Ireland, Southern Ireland, is a neutral!

The Capture of Contraband

She may be mentioned first among the neutrals, because her exports to us may be contraband and an Irish example at once arose.

A cargo of foodstuffs was shipped on board a sailing vessel under the Free State flag. The men on board refused to sail under this flag because a German submarine might sink her, as the submarine would be entitled to do, for foodstuffs consigned to England would be contraband. Great Britain, who would compensate the crew or their relatives if they lost their limbs or lives in a torpedoed ship sailing under the British flag, would not do so if the ship sailed under a neutral flag.

Contraband is a very thorny subject in the rights of its conveyance over sea by neutrals. Under the head of contraband come coal, or oil, or any material that can be used in warfare, steel rails, or wire, nickel, copper, and other metals; money, and provisions of any kind, the most important of all things laid under the embargo.

The carriage of goods overseas is one of the severest handicaps of the neutral. This leads us to the more general question of the rights and duties of neutrals. A neutral must not give direct assistance to either side at war, but it is not called upon to prevent its subjects from supplying it. They

may, and in many cases they actually do, transport anything over the neutral frontier, and there is nothing to prevent them. They may also, if they choose, run a blockade at sea, at their own risk. The carriage of contraband is not forbidden by international law, nor by the law of England. The subjects of a neutral country may even carry guns or explosives across a frontier or across the ocean. But they will run a dangerous risk at sea.

Restrictions in Ports

A neutral must have a care of its ports. These must not be used as a base of operations. A port becomes a base of operations on a neutral coast if it is employed as a coaling station by the nations at war, or, now, as a place where submarines or other war vessels can be refuelled with oil.

It is the duty of a neutral to prevent its ports or its territory from being used for fitting out or arming forces intended to act in the theatre of war on either side. It must not allow any renewal of military supplies.

Belligerent ships may enter neutral ports, but the neutral must show no favouritism. The ship must not stay there more than 24 hours, but if a ship of one belligerent has departed, a ship of another belligerent may not leave till 24 hours after the first.

Small Rights, Heavy Duties

The rights of neutrals seem to be more restricted than their duties. It is certainly their right not to be invaded, though this may be a right more honoured in the breach than the observance. But if they neglect their duties they may have to pay dearly. One of their rights is to deny access to their territory to either of the nations at war. No warring aeroplane may cross their frontier to fly over their territory. Should it do so, it is the neutral's right and duty to bring it down, by gunfire if necessary, and imprison its occupants.

Otherwise, if they neglect the duty, their neutrality is endangered, for it will be suspected at once by the warring country to which the plane did not belong, and may well prove its excuse for refusing to accept the neutrality as genuine.

Other armed forces than aeroplanes come under the same ban. If belligerent soldiers cross the frontier of a neutral they must be turned back; or if they claim asylum they must be disarmed and interned so that they cannot take future part in hostilities.

A Recent Example

The duty of a neutral country goes farther than that. It must not allow its territory to be used as a base for action of any sort or kind. A recent example of this duty occurred when the unhappy Polish Government crossed the Rumanian border. Once in Rumanian territory they could no longer act as a Government.

To sum up, the duties of a neutral are those of abstaining from interference with the warring forces. Theirs is a hard task, with no rewards and heavy penalties.

TIME ROUNDABOUT

IN these darkened days we have begun to learn when the sun sets to the minute.

Summer Time has been extended for our great advantage, but a more complicated proposal has been made to graduate the hours of all except the midsummer months of June and July so that the clocks should be put on 50 minutes on January 1; 25 minutes on February 1; 50 minutes on March 1; 50 minutes on April 1; an hour on May 1.

As summer progressed we should be getting up as much as three or four hours earlier than usual. But we should sink back in the autumn months by the same number of minutes in August, September, October, November, and December that we had gained between January and May. The net result would work out in such a way that dawn would break and the black curtains come down throughout the winter at nine in the morning. We have become so

used to adopting Summer Time we might as easily learn to alter our clocks once a month without complaint.

But there will be more objections to this frequent altering of the clocks than there was to Summer Time. The chief of them is that this country might be alone in adopting it.

In order to prevent the confusion of having different times in different countries, if the clocks were altered by minutes instead of hours, the Washington Time Congress some years ago fixed Time Zones. Between one zone and the next there was always a difference of one hour, no more, no less. Most countries were, and are, still bound by it, Great Britain among them.

This is important in sending messages by cable or wireless where the times of sending messages are stated to the minute. The hours adjust themselves by the Time Zones.

But there may be some other way of getting a Time Roundabout to work.

THE MEN WHO LOVE DARKNESS

It is the scientists alone who profit by the nightly gloom to which, for safety's sake, we all cheerfully have to submit.

The astronomers at Greenwich Observatory, finding London's sky so brightly illuminated at night by the intense lighting of the capital, long since expressed the fear that they would have to leave their famous home and seek darker horizons elsewhere.

A R P is a new charter of liberty to them. They now pursue their nightly researches unhampered by artificial lights that dim the stars and interpose a layer of radiance that baffles the telescopes. Modern London by night is as dark as the London of the Britons before the Romans came. They could have the luxury of a bonfire in the open, but we may not venture so hazardous an enterprise, and so dark is the city that Greenwich has the sky it seeks, unlit except by Nature.



A young hop-picker at the top of the pole

COMING TOGETHER

A Lancashire correspondent writes: Have you noticed how the war is making people more neighbourly?

This is certainly true of the great industrial towns of Lancashire. Next-door neighbours who have been at enmity for years over quite paltry things have been brought together by the war. You will see small groups of neighbours in all streets talking things over, and in Manchester this spirit has called into being Street Committees, through which neighbours are to help each other.

LESS TRIMMING : MORE FOOD

Surely an appreciable addition to our agricultural workers could be made by local authorities if they would temporarily reduce employment on the trimming of roadsides. Re-employment on the road after the war could be guaranteed, and men should not be turned off who could not find employment on the land. It is urgently necessary to increase the labour supply.

HAMPSHIRE INVADED

While the headlines have sad news of invasions and military advances there has been war news of another kind in Hampshire.

Romsey has been invaded, the enemy capturing all the gardens in the town, and going on to consolidate their position after an overnight advance. Having demolished cabbages and carnations, they attacked roses with great determination; and the latest communiqué adds that there have been heavy casualties among radishes.

The invading army was a vast number of caterpillars.

Must Cinderella Go?

DR A. W. BASS, president of a chiropodists association in Michigan, wants the story of Cinderella taken out of the fairy-tale books.

The story, he thinks, encourages girls to squeeze their toes into shoes that are too small for them.

This may be true of the girls Dr Bass knows, but it is certainly not true of the girls we know; so we vote that Cinderella be allowed to stay in the fairy-tale books—although it does not really matter, for even were the story censored from the printed page it would still pass from Granny to Grandchild down the generations.

Cinderella is a lovely tale, and even if there are two or three silly girls in the world who have misinterpreted its

moral to be that girls with small feet marry fine husbands, it has more than made up for that misfortune by the solace it has brought to thousands of humble folk in lowly occupations by assuring them that in the fairy world where human wrongs are righted they would find their rich reward.

If Cinderella's slipper would fit none of the ugly stepsisters, every sensible child knows that it was because the stepsisters were bigger, and do we not all picture poor Cinderella, condemned to meagre fare, as somewhat small, slender, and delicate?

No, Dr Bass, you cannot take Cinderella from us. Change Dame Fashion if you will, for she is a silly jade; but leave us Cinderella.

THE CAPTOR CAPTIVE

In the last war, when the Russians and Germans were fighting on opposite sides, a Cossack was taken prisoner at Lodz and taken to Piotrkow, the German headquarters.

A captain of Uhlans took a fancy to the Cossack's horse and tried to put it through its paces, but the animal remained as motionless as a statue. The reason was that the Cossacks train their horses to obey the voice only of the rider and to take no notice of either reins or knees.

The Cossack asked leave to mount behind the Uhlan. As there were a number of soldiers looking on, it seemed impossible that any trick could be contemplated, so leave was given and the Cossack sprang on to his horse.

In a twinkling he had told the animal what to do, and off he went at full gallop, the soldiers not daring to fire for fear of hitting their captain.

READING IN 15 LANGUAGES

A sightless cripple who is the only blind worker to be evacuated from London by the National Institute for the Blind has been for many years one of its most expert proof readers. In his time he has checked the proofs of books in fifteen languages, including Urdu, Welsh, Chinese, and Hebrew. We wish him well in these dark days.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

We have received this story of an unexpected useful purpose served by wireless—that of making a stubborn mule go on its way.

In Trinity National Forest, California, not long ago a forester had difficulties with one of the pack mules as they trailed up a steep mountain side. He remembered that the mule's master had a few persuasive words that always made it move off at once.

So they called the mule's master on a light-weight two-way wireless set which foresters now carry. The receiver was placed on the mule's ear. His master said a few encouraging words which made the mule prick up its ears in surprise, and without any further trouble moved off on its way.

SWEET WILLIAM

One day when Charles Lamb had been entertaining a friend he discovered that his landlady had charged sixpence more than her usual amount for an afternoon repast. On his asking for an explanation she said: "I've had to charge more, Mr Lamb, on account of the elderly gentleman who took so much sugar in his tea." The elderly gentleman was William Wordsworth.

THE BIBLE

In spite of all the thousands of books published every year the Bible still remains the greatest book in the world; and the curious thing is that hundreds of books have titles taken from phrases in the Bible.

An American was so struck with this a little while ago that he made a list of modern books with Bible titles, and put them together so as to give us the greater part of the Lord's Prayer. There are, for instance, Louis Zara's Give Us This Day; Our Daily Bread, by Gosta Larsson; Forgive Us Our Trespases, by Lloyd C. Douglas; As We Forgive Our Debtors, by Tillman Breiseth; Deliver Us From Evil, by William Hewer; and The Power and the Glory, by Gilbert Parker.

Is not this an odd little proof of the hold the Bible has upon us all?

A WISE PAIR OF SWALLOWS

We hear from Ipswich of a pair of swallows who built their nest in the spring in the far side of an air-raid shelter below the ground level.

The first brood were successfully brought up, but the second lot were still unfledged when the war began.

During the first two air-raid warnings these friendly birds shared the shelter with a major's family.



Baseball at a London school—the striker in action

A NEW LIGHTING DEVICE

It is said that a factory in Leningrad has produced a remarkable lighting device for theatres which has a new kind of ultra-violet ray. When it is allowed to fall on objects and fabrics that have been treated with a chemical compound, these objects are made to shine in the dark.

THE MUSIC OF TROUBLED POLAND

Many times the Poles have tried to free themselves from their oppressors. There was an insurrection in 1831, and others in 1846 and 1863, but every insurrection was followed by more and more suffering, yet the soul of the nation remained unbroken. Polish literature and Polish art blossomed in spite of all. The very bitterness of life gave to Polish art a touch of something sublime.

It was during the insurrection of 1831 that Chopin, Poland's greatest composer, wrote his immortal Etude and Prelude. When Tsar Nicholas heard them played he exclaimed: "This music is dangerous! It is like guns hidden under beautiful roses."

THE SANDBAGS

Are not too many sandbag defences being erected without due regard to safety? They should never be built up in straight piles, for rain or frost may easily bring them down.

The proper method is to slope them. Thus, a pile of sandbags 8 feet high should have a base 4 feet wide, narrowing at the top to 2 feet. The bags should be laid as a bricklayer lays his bricks, putting the bricks alternately endways and lengthways, so that the joints do not form a perpendicular line making a weak joint.

The sandbags should be flat and square like bricks. This can be effected by filling the bags only three-quarters full and beating them flat with a spade.

TO THE POLISH NATION

"The world lays its hopes on the nations that have faith," says Mickiewicz, the Polish poet, and indeed he saw that faith in the Polish nation. That is why he says to the Poles:

Verily I say unto you, ye must not learn civilisation from alien nations, but must teach them the true Christian civilisation.

Each one of you hath within his soul the seed of your future laws and the measure of your boundaries. As much as ye make your own souls greater and better, so much will ye better your laws and enlarge your boundaries.

REAR LAMPS AT LAST

The war has brought one very good thing—the cyclist is compelled to carry a red rear lamp.

For this small dose of common sense many thanks to the Lord Privy Seal. We hope the compulsion will remain when the war is happily over. And we hope that every cycling reader of the C N has a first-class red rear lamp—to which we would only add the hope that night-riding on bicycles will only be done when very necessary.

SAVE PAPER

Because paper is made of wood, and because wood has to be imported in ships, it is very necessary not to waste it. It is very dear now because it is scarcer and is likely to be dearer still. And so we find our daily newspaper reduced to half its usual size.

Last year we imported no less than £16,000,000 worth of paper-making materials. The chief item was wood-pulp, which was imported in millions of tons. This must be, and is being, cut down, for we must save ship space.

The paper shortage is very unfortunate for newspapers, publishers, and writers. Perhaps if paper were not so cheap in ordinary times we should write more carefully.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 7

1939

THE HYMN OF THE
POLISH EXILES

God! scorched by battle-fires we
stand

Before Thee on Thy throne of snows;
But, Father, in this silent land,
We seek no refuge nor repose;
We ask, and shall not ask in vain,
Give us our heritage again!

Thy winds are ice-bound in the sea;
Thine eagle cowers till storms are past;
Lord! when those moaning winds are
free,

When eagles mount upon the blast;
O breathe upon our icy chain,
And float our Poland's flag again!

'Twas for Thy cause we once were
strong;
Thou wilt not doom that cause to
death!

O God, our struggle has been long;
Thou wilt not quench our glimmering
faith!

Thou hear'st the murmurs of our
pain,
Give us our heritage again!

Harriet Martineau

What Shall We Call It?

WHAT shall we call the war?

The Last War?

The Hitler War?

One of our readers in Birmingham
suggests that it should be the Liberty
War.

God's Witness

God's witness, we were saying the
other day, has been the wonderful
calm of our people in these dark days.

We are asked to draw attention to
His witness in:

The evacuation of a million children
with not one casualty.

The perfect weather for them all.

The abundant harvests of grain, fruit,
and vegetables.

Certainly these have been rich
blessings in the first days of the dark
journey we must go.

THE EMPRESS

One of our correspondents sends us this
little note about the Empress of Japan.

THE Empress Nagako of Japan is
quite ignorant of the fact that her
country is at war with China.

She lives in her Palace of Green
Jade at Yedo and only comes out for
official receptions three times a year.
She may do some yachting, but the
vessel is an antique and it is always
accompanied by a destroyer.

She never sees a newspaper; she
has no radio.

She spends her time in distilling
perfumes from the mass of flowers
with which she is surrounded.

JUST AN IDEA

Probably it is true, as a modern
writer says, that we are all a little
inclined to label as faults in others
the qualities we lack ourselves.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Give Peace to Our Land This Night

OUR Father, Who art in Heaven,

Give peace to our land this night. Comfort them that
mourn, and lift up all who are bowed down. Guide and
guard and keep us through all the sorrow of our days.

Preserve us and defend us in trouble and in doubt; be
with us in the Valley of the Shadow, that the light of our lives
may shine through all the darkness of the ways of men. Take
from us all selfishness and vain ambition; lift from our
hearts all vain desires and all uncharity. Whatever way the
world may lead us, turn Thou our steps aright.

Touch with Thy love the hearts of all our people, that they may
remember Thy ways. Put away from us the spirit of
unworthiness, the thirst for vengeance for the sins of others,
the hate of any who have broken in their weakness the vows
they made in their strength.

Help us that we may keep the vow that we have made.
Teach us to love truth and to hate falsehood; teach us so
to live that we may keep our honour bright.

Give us meekness that we may walk humbly before Thee;
let us not be filled with vainglory in the richness of our pos-
sessions. Give us the love of our neighbour, that we may
share with rejoicing the inheritance of the earth. For what
we have make us thankful, for what we would have make us
worthy; for all our blessings let our hearts praise Thee.

WATCH over our people in every land. Amid the tumult and
the shouting let there be heard the still small voice that
brings strength to the widow and comfort to the fatherless.
In the hour when their hearts are breaking, when hope is
almost dead, quicken the senses of our people that they may
know that Thou art God. Let Thy power be known throughout
the earth. Let the wrath of men be scattered and the powers
of evil broken; let the tumults of the earth be turned to noble
ends, that justice and mercy may spread throughout all lands.

Remember those who uphold Thy laws, all who work Thy
will in every land. Remember those who stand and those
who fall; be with those who watch and those who wait. In
victory save us from excess; in the dark hour of defeat
grant us that trust in Thee which keeps us strong.

GIVE us the pure heart to feel Thy presence near us. Give
us the clear mind that we may understand. Give us the
stainless soul that shall return to Thee fearless when our
time shall come. Give us the strong arm to defend, with all
our heart, with all our soul, the glory of Thy kingdom.

Defend the right with Thine eternal might. Move the
hearts of men that they may gather up their strength to do
Thy will. Through the dark night let Thy peace encompass
us, and bring us in the morning to the everlasting Day. Amen

Peter Puck
Wants to Know

If cooks ever get
in a stew

Under the Editor's Table

ASTRONOMERS can see stars better during the Black-out.
Especially if they walk into lamp-posts.

MANY people are leaving
London for safe areas.
Pity they can't take it with
them.

A GARDENER says you
should sow cauliflower
seeds in frames. They will
look a picture.

FILLETED fish may no longer
be used in fried fish
shops. We won't make any
bones about it.

ALL great things are
healing, a philosopher
declares. What about a
great injustice?

THIRTY British visitors
in Iceland cannot return
home because of the war.
They will get cold feet.

FLAT dwellers don't darken
their windows enough.
But they do their level
best.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH
FOR OUR COUNTRY

AFTER dealing with the physical
improvement of the boys called
up for the New Militia, Sir George
Newman, formerly our Chief Medical
Officer, goes on to speak of the need
for the production of "educated, alert,
and occupied minds." He says:

Football pools, dog-racing, gambling,
"hanging about," or muck-raking are not
good enough for national man-power.
Hence, health of mind is next in primary
importance to health of body, and each
is dependent upon the other. The mind
needs training no less than the body to
make an effective people. Slackness in
either is fatal to both.

We learn with pleasure of the New
Militiamen that "vigorous intellectual
enlightenment" is favoured in the
Militia camps.

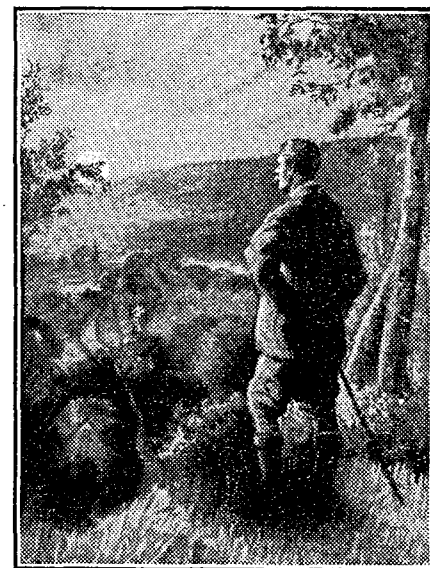
These Sailor Lads

I LOVE to watch them as they pass;
The straightness of each line—
The carriage and the bearing of
Each sailor lad is fine.

Their very faces all bespeak
Of eagerness to learn:
Towards triumph and efficiency
Their young hearts beat and burn.

Whether to gunnery or game
Right loyal they would be,
Whose feet are on this playing-field,
Whose hearts are on the sea.

Egbert Sandford

William Willett Watches
the Sun Rise

We are to have six extra weeks of Summer
Time, the daylight we owe to William
Willett, who thought out the idea and
struggled for it against years of opposition.
It came into its own in the Great War of
1914, and is now to be extended till
November 18. Here we see William Willett
watching the dawn of a summer's day.

HONOURS

WE see that honours have been
showered on the German troops
who shared in the butchery of Poland.
We remember that similar distinctions
were bestowed on the submarine men
who sank the Lusitania, and it is true
also that the Nazis officially celebrated
with military honours the murderers
of Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor.

TO Conquer Hate

This England Never Did Nor Never Shall

THIS England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.
Shakespeare's King John

Truth Loses No Battles

GIVE me the liberty to know, to utter,
and to argue freely according to conscience,
above all liberties.
Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose
to play upon the Earth, so Truth be in the field,
we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength.
Let her and Falsehood grapple. Who ever knew
Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?
Who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty?
She needs no policies, no stratagems, nor licensings,
to make her victorious; those are the shifts and defences
that error uses against her power. Give her but room,
and do not bind her when she sleeps.
Milton

FOR EVER AND FOR EVER

FLOW down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver;
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, swiftly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet, then a river:
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever. Tennyson

These Two

ALEXANDER: I am come hither,
Diogenes, to succour and relieve thee,
because I see thee in great penury
and need of many things.

DIOGENES IN HIS TUB: Whether of us two
is in the more penury—I, that besides
my scrip and my cage do miss nothing
at all, or thou who, not being contented
with the inheritance of thy father's kingdom,
doest put thyself in a venture and hazard
so many perils and dangers to enlarge
the limits of thine empire so much that
not all the world seemeth able to satisfy
thy desire?
From Erasmus

A PEOPLE GREAT AND STRONG

NOR gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong;
Men who for truth and honour's sake
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly—
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky. Emerson

They Shall Learn War No More

HE shall judge among the nations, and
shall rebuke many people; they
shall beat their swords into ploughshares
and their spears unto pruning hooks;
nation shall not lift up sword
against nation, neither shall they learn
war any more. Isaiah

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER CARRY ON

The Little Child So High

UPON this tall pagoda's peak
My hand can nigh the stars enclose;
I dare not raise my voice to speak,
For fear of startling God's repose.
A Chinese poet of the tenth century on being taken as a child to the top of a pagoda

The Creed of Benjamin Franklin

HERE is my Creed. I believe in one God,
Creator of the Universe. That He governs it
by His Providence. That He ought to be worshipped.
That the most acceptable service we render Him
is doing good to His Children. That the soul of Man
is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another
life respecting its conduct in this.



Autumn in the Woods

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

THIS is the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
O! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?
Thomas Moore

Ten Mistakes a Day

I BELIEVE it is pretty well acknowledged
that I am the best general in Europe,
yet I make ten mistakes a day. Ten, he repeated, holding up his fingers.
Conversations of Napoleon

Is This the Man of Thousand Thrones?

THIS done—but yesterday a king!
And armed with kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.
Lord Byron

Courage, Brother

OUR grand business undoubtedly is
not to see what lies dimly at a distance,
but to do what lies clearly at hand.
Courage, brother. Get honest,
and times will mend.
Carlyle

Peace and Justice Shall Reign

GERMANY has once more said that
force and force alone shall decide
whether peace and justice shall reign
in the affairs of man.

There is but one response possible from us—force, force to the utmost,
force without stint or limit, the righteous
and triumphant force that shall make Right
the law of the world and cast every selfish
dominion down in the dust.

President Wilson on America coming into the War

BOUND BY GOLD CHAINS

MORE things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain?
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round Earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
Tennyson

Something in the English

IF you want to go into battle, have an
Englishman at your right hand,
and another at your left, and two immediately
in front and two close behind. There is something
in the English which seems to guarantee security.
Never forget that, even when you are most
irritated by the antics of these engaging madmen.
Voltaire

The Splendour of the Morning

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still.
Wordsworth

The Beauty of the Evening

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:
Listen! the mighty being is awake . . .
Wordsworth

ENGLAND INVINCIBLE

ENGLAND has been destroyed every ten or fifteen years,
from the time of the Armada to the present day,
in the prophecies of men.

Every few years she has been about to be
overthrown by sea; she has been about to be
ploughed up by the land; she has been about to be
stripped of her resources in India and in other parts
of the globe. Nations have formed alliances against
her; the armies and fleets of the civilised world
have gone about her; her interests have been repeatedly
and violently assailed, and yet she stood, as she now
stands, mistress of the seas, and the strongest power
on Earth.

Henry Ward Beecher

The Four Prisoners

SIR JOHN RAINSFORD besought Queen Elizabeth that four prisoners might have their liberty.
The Queen asked who they were, and he said, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, who had long been imprisoned in the Latin tongue, and now he desired that they might go abroad among the people in English.

Recorded by Francis Bacon

TO AN ASS, LONG AGO

SWEET ass, go gently, go
By night and day, sang she;
Rock gentle as a cradle
Or a mother's knee,
For thou must bear my Baby
As thou must bear me;
O do not break His slumber,
Go gently, go, sang she.

By a Writer Unknown

The Land That Freedom Chose

YOU ask me, why, though ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas.
It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will.

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

Tennyson on his Native Land

THE IMMORTAL SPLENDOUR OF A DAUGHTER OF POLAND

POLAND stands before history as an imperishable example of the dignity and splendour of mankind.

With all their sinister powers of scientific destruction the Nazi barbarians were unable to destroy the courage of this heroic race, the first people to withstand the tide of Hitlerism in Europe.

And long before Hitler was heard of in the world, when he was painting houses or agitating in the streets, Poland had won the admiration of mankind by the work of one of its daughters, Madame Curie.

She gave to the world one of its most precious possessions, and gave it freely to all. As discoverer of Radium she stands immortal among the benefactors of humanity, and for herself she took no reward.

The Nazi leaders, it is said, have grown rich on the oppression of their countrymen and their seizure of other lands, but this noble Polish woman, poor though she was, struggled for years against poverty, found the radium which made the world rich, and made nothing for herself by her long toil for mankind. Her brain was the jewel of Poland and a blessing to all lands; and she had one of those kind hearts that are more than coronets.

Even were he to rise a conqueror on the ruins of Europe Hitler could

render no service to the world that would make him worthy to tie the shoe-laces of this daughter of the country he has brought so low by his lust for power.

She was the youngest in a family of five. Her father, Mr Sklodowski, was a well-known professor in one of the colleges at Warsaw; her mother was headmistress in a high school. Both parents gave much of their time to the education of their children, and the family life was very happy.

This peaceful family life came to an end with the death of the mother. Marie, then nine, was sent to a Russian school. All these Russian schools were opposed to the Polish national spirit. The teachers treated the pupils as enemies, and the moral atmosphere was unbearable; the children lost all joy of life in a perpetual state of mistrust. Marie, like most Polish children, had a strong national feeling, and the conditions in the school were for her a source of constant suffering.

The only bright moments in her life were the evenings at home. Mr Sklodowski was interested in literature. Marie developed a strong taste for poetry, and soon became acquainted with foreign literatures. But her favourite studies were mathematics and physics, and the dream of her life was to have a laboratory. At fifteen she accepted a position as

governess to some children in the country. It was a hard moment when she left home, and her heart was heavy.

Marie even dared to organise a secret school for the village children who could not be educated under the Russian Government. She taught them to read and write at great risk to herself, for had her work been discovered it would have meant imprisonment or exile.

Genius in the Garret

When the whole house was asleep she took out her books of science and studied them with great ardour.

After four years of this life she went back to Warsaw, where, with the help of her father, she obtained access to a small physical laboratory where she could work every Sunday. About that time a secret organisation was started among Polish students to develop the intellectual and moral strength of the nation, and Marie was one of its enthusiastic members.

At last the great longing for scientific work was fulfilled, and Marie went to Paris, took a garret on a sixth floor, and went on giving lessons and working in her spare time for examinations that would admit her to the university. In winter the water froze in her basin, and often she had to pile up all her clothes on the bed to keep warm enough to sleep. There was a small iron stove, but the coal had to be carried up six flights of stairs. But after two years of hard work Marie Sklodowski graduated in physics, and not long after in mathematics.

She was now admitted to the laboratories of physics at the Sorbonne, and there she met Pierre Curie. It was love of science that brought them together, and they decided to marry. Pierre Curie was professor in the Paris School of Physics and Chemistry, but his salary was so small that both had to work to make their living. She managed to run their flat and to win a professor's certificate in a year.

Great Work in a Shed

About that time Henri Becquerel made some new experiments on the salts of a rare metal, uranium. Placing uranium salt on a photographic plate covered with black paper he found that the plate was affected as if light had fallen on it. The Curies were excited by this phenomenon and resolved to make a special study of it. Madame Curie soon found out that substances containing thorium behaved in a similar way. She was about to undertake a study of uranium and thorium rays when she made a new discovery. She found a new substance, much more active than uranium, and gave it the name polonium, in memory of her native country, and while she and her husband were working on polonium they discovered that there was still another new element, which they called radium. It was not enough to define the existence of such a substance; it had to be separated as a pure element. To undertake such a difficult task without any money,

without the necessary equipment, was almost impossible.

They obtained an old shed which stood in the grounds of the School of Physics. Its glass roof leaked in wet weather, the heat was terrible in summer, and the cold was intense in winter. Yet it was in this miserable shed that their greatest work was done. They were so absorbed that sometimes they stayed for days in the shed, preparing all their meals on Madame Curie's old spirit lamp. Pierre Curie studied the physical properties of the radium rays, while Madame Curie worked at the purification of the substance itself.

She had sometimes to spend a whole day mixing a boiling mass with a heavy iron rod nearly as tall as herself. It had taken them four years to produce evidence that radium was a true element, though with a proper laboratory they could have done it in a year. One of their joys was to visit their shed at night. There on the shelves they saw the feebly luminous silhouettes of the bottles and capsules which contained radium. It was the first glimpse of this new light that was dawning for the world of knowledge.

Sorrowful But Carrying On

But all this happy, quiet work was soon disturbed by the fame which followed the discovery. Though their financial position was greatly improved by the Nobel prize, the long years of struggle and privation had weakened their health to such a degree that for nearly four years they were unable to work, and meanwhile the publicity was increasing. Visitors' demands for lectures and articles robbed them of every quiet moment.

Pierre Curie took a new chair of Physics at the Sorbonne, and Madame Curie was made Chief of Work in the Sorbonne Laboratory. A new laboratory with all necessary equipment was being prepared for them, but Pierre Curie was destined not to use it. He was killed by a lorry in Paris in 1906, one more victim of the terrible road casualties of our time. Heart-broken as she was, Madame Curie never ceased work. With the outbreak of the war she organised the first use of radium for military hospitals. She established several centres, and when these were insufficient she fitted up, with the help of the Red Cross, a car which put radium at the command of any hospital round Paris. Madame Curie for a long time drove the car herself.

It was soon discovered that radium itself was not necessary in the work of the hospitals, but that its emanations would suffice, and the demand for these emanations was enormous. After the war she became Professor of Radiology in Warsaw, her native city, and before she died in 1934 she received many fresh honours. Both she and her husband were true idealists; by freely offering their hard-won secret for the benefit of sufferers all the world over they sacrificed a great fortune, but won immortal fame.



The little secret school which Marie Curie kept in her early days in a village of Russian Poland



AFLOAT UPON ETHEREAL TIDES, ST PAUL'S ABOVE THE CITY RIDES

THE VANISHING VENUS

IN ancient legend Pygmalion the sculptor brought to life a lovely statue he had wrought. Hidden under a mountain of sandbags in the Paris Louvre is a real statue, one of the most famous in the world, the Venus of Milo, which, if we could endow it with speech, could tell one of the strangest and saddest stories ever heard.

The Venus is the vanishing lady of the Art world. Her career of two thousand years comprises successive chapters of boundless admiration by all art-lovers, and then captivity in darkness and oblivion. She smiles serene and lovely; she disappears in time of strife and turmoil.

Masterpiece of an unknown Greek genius, the Venus of Milo was one of the artistic glories of Milo when that island in the Aegean archipelago was rich with the products of Grecian artists. Remains of Greek and Roman buildings still survive there, but when civilisation crashed and the Dark Ages came the noblest works that had been the island's richest possession fell with the temples and public buildings, and soil and silence, centuries passing, buried them in oblivion.

Romans succeeded Greeks, barbarism swamped both; but in the Middle Ages the Venetians made some restoration, only to be driven out, four centuries ago, by the conquering Turks, to whom sculptured figures were a blasphemy fit only to be burnt and ground into builder's lime.

Agnes passed, and in 1820, a Turkish peasant in the island, uprooting a tree, opened an unsuspected cavity into which, to his terror, his tree disappeared, while from the cavity loomed the upper half of a sublime figure in marble.

It was the incomparable Venus, who was found to be attended in her tomb by three other beautiful Greek statues of gods. All four were hauled out, to be burnt and ground, but happily the Marquis de Rivière, French ambassador to Turkey, interposed, and for £250 secured the priceless Venus for France.

There for over half a century the statue reigned in unchallenged glory, with models, made in her likeness, scattered to all parts of the world. But the time was at hand when, civilisation trembling again, she had to seek seclusion afresh.

The Franco-Prussian war of 1870 was attended by a revolutionary rising of Communists in Paris. Like their imitators, the Bolsheviks of our own age, they slew, destroyed and despoiled.

Fearing for the Venus, the Prefect of the Paris police had her secretly removed by night from the Louvre to his own house, burying her in his



cavernous cellars in wrappings of precious State documents, with stacks more of them piled over her.

The Communists traced the Prefect home and burnt his house to the ground, but they did not know of the treasure in the cellar. When order was restored Venus was brought forth, unstained and unflawed. The cellar and the wrappings of parchment had saved her once more.

Now the scourge of war sears the world anew, and the hapless Venus is again driven to hiding. The greater part of her career has been passed in such seclusion. She and Peace reign together. May her next resurrection and the blessings to mankind that it will symbolise be not long delayed.

Tales of Last Time

TOMPKINS was a youth on his father's estate somewhere in England. Generally thought "of a dull and lifeless disposition," this is what happened to him at Loos. He was badly wounded, and the officer promised that he should be taken as quickly as possible to the hospital. "If you don't mind, sir, will you take So-and-So and So-and-So? They are worse than me and I can quite well wait."

The officer did as Tompkins wished, and took his pals to the hospital. When he returned it was too late for Tompkins.

CAPTAIN JOHNSON of the cruiser Hogue, torpedoed in the North Sea, stood on the bridge as the ship was sinking. He knew that very soon he would be beyond this world, but his last thought was for his country.

Each ship carries a book containing the secret signals by which one British ship speaks to another. So long as the secret is preserved the enemy cannot read our signals. But when a

ship goes down many things in her come to the surface. Captain Johnson's book of signals might by some chance be picked up and betray the British Navy.

And so, while the stricken ship was reeling beneath him, this valiant captain stood calmly at his post and looked Death in the face, loading his book of signals with leaden weights, so that when the Hogue went down its secret should go with it to the depths.

DURING the bombardment of Antwerp a telegram had to be delivered almost to the edge of the German lines.

"Who will go?" was the query, and three telegraphists replied, "I will."

"But I don't want three of you," said the officer.

"Pardon me, sir," interjected one, "the shells are falling quickly, the matter is urgent, allow the three of us to go; at least one of us is sure to arrive safely."

All three returned.

Under the Sun and the Stars

WERE there ever skies so glorious with stars as those we looked upon as this sorrowful autumn came?

There were. Chaldean shepherds beheld them and gave them stately names—Deneb and Aldebaran, Antares and Betelgeuse to the brightest of the starry hosts long ago. Shakespeare gazed on them and decked them with his matchless fancy; and so did that other poet who wrote of

*Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.*

Yes, many a restless soul has watched the slow pageant sweeping by, Jupiter brightest of all and Saturn in his wake, with Vega and Orion's Belt and the Pleiades swinging up from the east. Many a heart has been comforted by these companions of the night, which, in Robert Louis Stevenson's words, confer quietly with us like friends, and by their double scale, small to the eye, vast to the imagination, set before us the double character of our nature and fate.

Enchanted Night

All about us the world is rocking; but on high is unalterable peace. There have been nights when the wind is hushed and no whisper stirs the leaves. In the dark countryside, where so many of those whose dwellings are in towns have sought refuge, an owl hooting a mile away is the only sound to break the silence. A name comes into the mind to describe it all. It is Enchanter's Nightshade.

Country people can tell us what that means. It is a wild flower with a tiny pink blossom and velvety leaves, lingering late into autumn. This has been a wonderful year for flowers of every kind, and many of those growing wild seem loth to go. Now, in the pause before the winter comes

and the skies are rent with the blast of the storm, we are given breathing space to mark them.

Never have they seemed so near and dear—not the flaunting blooms of the gardens, though these are precious enough to us all—but the unconsidered trifles by the wayside.

Still lingering for the great army of children from the towns was Ragged Robin, with its tiny torn pink petal, and Willow Herb, growing by the side of the stream; and Purple Loosestrife, with its flowers turning silvery like Old Man's Beard. Still in bloom was the Red Pimpernel, which they call the Poor Man's Weather-glass, because it opens its bright eyes to the sun and shuts them for rain, and the rarer Yellow Pimpernel.

If we pause it is not for want of names, but because there are such prizes that none can miss: the Yellow Ragwort, all abloom still in masses; the Toadflax and the Fleabane; the Black Bryony, its berries turning red; the Woodbine, and the Honeysuckle. The purple is only just beginning to fade on the heather, the Harebell still nods by the hedge-row, and, though you may scarce believe your eyes, you may still come on a wild violet tucked away beside the mosses of the wood.

The Mellowing Pageant

There is consolation amid all our cares in the mellowing pageant of the year—the good earth, giving so lavishly of her increase; the fields that have yielded it being already ploughed in for the harvest of another year; the changing colours of the leaves in the woodlands. Autumn is to some minds a rather pensive season, but this year, to those of stout hearts, it is a promise that through all change we reach forward to new life.

The Man From Jamaica

IT seems to us that the world could do with a few more Allan Jacobs.

That was the opinion of many who heard this West Indian minister of the Society of Friends during his recent lecture tour of Britain.

Mr Jacobs, who is of Negro descent, knows the point of view of the poor of Jamaica better than most men. For many years he has ministered among the workers on the land, who make a scanty living by growing tomatoes and lettuces, and by poultry-keeping.

Now that the Government is starting a land settlement scheme, and is buying up estates for the workers, there are hopes that some of Jamaica's problems may be solved. Better food and wages will be the first line of defence in the war against that grim invader Tuberculosis. The fact that the disease is affecting the poorer but not the middle classes, who are better fed, gives hope that it may be checked.

Mr Jacobs, in his lectures in England, paid a tribute to the Government of Jamaica, as well as making various criticisms about things which have been left undone.

"One outstanding factor in the British administration," he said, "is the justice we find in the law courts. Jamaica is of great strategic importance to the United States, and sometimes there has been talk of giving the

island to that country instead of the payment of war debts; but we people of Jamaica do not want this. We would rather stay British, for under present conditions black and white people mix freely. America has not yet solved her racial problem, and there is segregation of the coloured people. Although there is no barrier between white and coloured people in Jamaica, those of the Negro race prefer to intermarry with their own people, and mixed marriages are hardly known."

It has been truly said that if you put a stick in the ground in Jamaica it will grow. The lecturer gave an eloquent account of this beautiful and fertile land, which he believes may yet become an island of the blest. He spoke also of the good work Sir Alexander Swettenham had done in Jamaica, saying that he was "a strong Englishman who had left a good memory among the people."

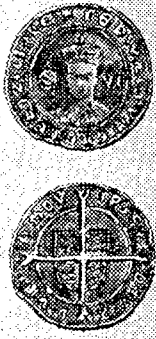
The First Wartime Flag Day

The first national Flag Day of the war will take place in London next Tuesday, October 10, when street collections will be made for the Lord Mayor's Red Cross Fund. The London Hospitals Committee which is organising it is in urgent need of helpers, who should apply to 36 Kingsway, W.C.2

C N WORD STRIP



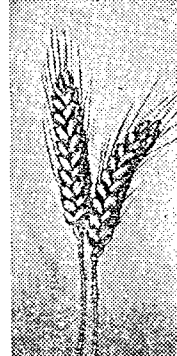
Zany. A buffoon or merry-andrew, one who plays the clown.
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany.
Love's Labour Lost, v. 2.



Testern. To present with a tester, or sixpence.
To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1.



Wassail Candle. A large candle lighted at a feast.
A wassail-candle, my lord, all follow.
2 Henry IV, i. 2.



Germen. A sprout of fruitful seed. It is really the same word as germ.
Though the treasurer of Nature's germens tumble all together.
Macbeth, iv. 1.



Saltier. A curious spelling of satyr, the Greek woodland deity with goat's legs.
All men of haire; they call themselves saltiers.
Winter's Tale, iv. 3.

IN THE COUNTRY NOW—Rats Are Finding Winter Quarters

RATS are becoming a nuisance in country houses just now, as they are beginning to come indoors for the winter, and you will often at night hear a squeaking and scratching behind the wainscoted walls that is very disquieting. The best thing to drive them away is a good terrier, for they are among the cleverest of creatures and you may set your traps in vain.

The old rats, bucks and does, simply laugh at traps, and no amount of camouflaging will deceive them. They know exactly what the trap is, and if you watch quietly in a dim light you will see them come out of their holes and play about the trap, as though to show their contempt for human simplicity. Old rats are not caught by cheese.

The rat is extremely destructive in the house, yet he is interesting in his habits and well repays patient study.

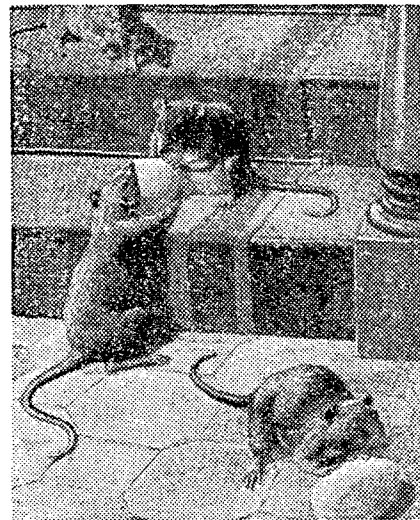
The common brown rat of today came to us from the Far East about 1736, and was formerly known as the Nor-

wegian rat, because it was supposed to have come from Norway, and the Hanoverian rat, because it arrived soon after the Georges. It drove away and almost exterminated the old English black rat, so that that once familiar animal became a mere curiosity.

But in recent years the black rat has been coming back from overseas, and during its sojourn abroad it seems to have gained in fierceness.

The sagacity of rats is almost beyond belief. They will carry eggs up or down stairs, will empty a salad-oil bottle by dipping their tails into the bottle through the narrow neck and licking the oil off at each dip, and will gnaw through the bung and empty a cask of wine. In fact, there seems no limit to their sense and their activity.

At the present time we frequently come across dead shrews in the coppice and shrubbery, probably the victims of cats. Shrews are very common objects of the countryside in October. They raise more than one brood a year,



Rats carrying eggs downstairs

and we may sometimes find in the middle of a field just now a nest con-

taining the queer-looking young shrews with their eyes not yet opened.

The coots, which are often seen with the moorhens, are beginning to gather in flocks on our coasts for the winter. Having performed their nursery duties for the season, they become more sociable, and lose a good deal of the pugnaciousness which they exhibit earlier in the year. If you see a group you can easily distinguish the coot from the moorhen by its white bill and the white patch on the forehead. The moorhen's forehead patch is red. Linnets and buntings are also collecting in flocks.

Now is the time to look out for those queer caterpillars of the swallow-tail moth. They are reddish-brown in colour, and as they attach themselves by one end only to the twigs of poplar, lime, or elder they look for all the world like so many dry stalks, and deceive us all.

Birch, cherry, and white poplar leaves are all falling; the crab-apples are ripe and the maple is turning yellow.

See also page 16

How Does a Potato Grow
Such a Curious Shape?

OUR domestic potatoes have all come from the wild potato by cultivation and crossing, and the part we eat is the tuber, or swelling of the underground stem.

Now, while men have worked to develop two main regular shapes for these tubers of potatoes, the round and the kidney, the tubers of the wild potato are irregular in form, and when some of the potatoes we dig up in our garden are found to have a grotesque shape it is a case of what science calls "reversion to type."

So the grotesque potato is really trying to go back to the shape of its wild ancestors, and the attempt is only partially successful, resulting in the curious shapes we find. Another cause which sometimes modifies the shape is the presence of a stone or other obstruction which diverts the tuber while it is growing.

The little knobs appearing on potatoes are young tubers which have begun growing on the old ones while still in the ground.

PETER SIMPLE'S QUESTION BOX

Why Does Elastic Stretch?

Everything stretches more or less. Certainly part of the reason why elastic stretches is that it is made by life.

We know that many kinds of material made by living beings have properties which are not found anywhere else, but we do not always know why. The secret must lie in the way in which the little molecules that make up the elastic are connected. All we know is that, for molecules, they are very large and complicated, and are probably linked together in a very complicated way. We must distinguish between the stretching of a thing like elastic, which flies back, and the stretching of a substance such as putty, which never flies back.

Why is the Sea Salt?

The salt in the sea has been carried to it by the rivers, which in their journeys from the hills take with them anything that water can dissolve. Rivers contain salt in such small quantities that it cannot be tasted, while the seas contain

all the salt brought to them from time immemorial, for throughout millions of years the sun has drawn up only their waters, leaving the salt below. Of course there are a great number of salts, and the common salt of our cruets is only one of many that help to give the sea its flavour. It has been calculated that the salt in the oceans equals in volume all the mountain ranges of the world.

What Do PM and AM Mean?

These letters are contractions for the Latin words *post meridiem* and *ante meridiem*. Meridies is Latin for noon or midday, and means half the day. *Post* means after, and *ante* means before, so that p m means after midday, and a m before midday. They are made necessary by the fact that we number the 24 hours of the day in two twelves instead of from one to 24; and so, when we give the number of any hour, we have to say whether it is p m or a m. For various purposes the hours are now numbered one to 24, and then p m and a m are not needed.

Is the Country Healthier
Than the Town?

This is not wholly so, but undoubtedly the country's restfulness is better for our nerves, and its purer air is better for our lungs. It is also true that in the clearer atmosphere the sun is enabled to do its wonderful healing and tonic work unhampered. On the other hand, the town generally caters better for the healthy mind, and usually has better sanitation, an important factor. It would seem that men can only attain ideal conditions when they build themselves quiet towns in which all the houses have gardens and none have chimneys; that is, when the pure air and quiet of the countryside are combined with the communal advantages of town life.

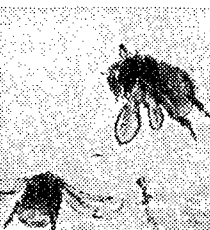
Why Have We Eyebrows?

One reason for eyebrows is an ornamental one, for they enhance the beauty of our eyes. More important, however, is their function of catching and diverting the beads of perspiration which form on our foreheads when we get warm, and which, but for our eyebrows, would run down into our eyes.

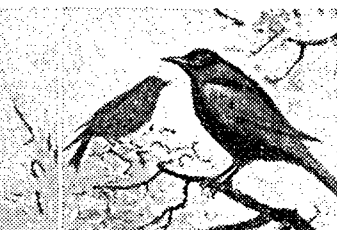
C N NATURE STRIP



Apes gibber



Bees hum



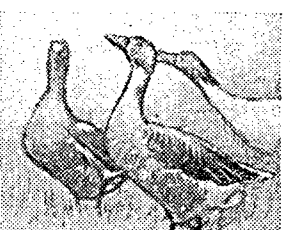
Blackbirds whistle



Jackals howl



Mice squeal



Geese hiss

Voices of the Animals

PLASTIC PLANE

Marvel Promised by the Inventors

A plastic plane is the latest marvel promised by the inventors, who out of plastic materials have been making a thousand things of daily use, from door-knobs to table-tops, from toughened glass to electric installations.

This has been called the Age of Plastics, so many things are made out of these mixtures of resin, or gum, and coal-tar products. Some are transparent as glass, some as hard as steel, some lighter than aluminium and tougher than its alloy, but the one property common to them all is that they can be moulded.

This property has led two Americans (Colonel E. V. Clark, who has also been an airman, and Dr Baekeland, the father of modern plastics) to experiment with a resinous substance to be used for planes. They call it Duramold, and it is a secret alloy of phenolic resin. It is lighter than any material used for building up the big planes, and, besides being the strongest plastic known, is as tough as any metal of which the framework of planes is made.

The Forest in the Wings

The earliest planes were built of silk and spruce, wire and bamboo. The war brought the plane with a frame of plywood and glue; yet ten years ago the all-metal plane took the air—and holds the field. But inside each wing of the metal plane is a forest of scaffolding, and the outside of each wing is peppered with thousands of rivets. It takes two men four hours to rivet a square foot of a metal plane.

In the Duramold plane it is claimed that all this tedious skilled labour is unnecessary. The parts of the Duramold surface of a plane's framework can be moulded in large sections, and fitted so as completely to cover the fuselage, or body, in five hours. Such a fuselage, which carries the crew and all the equipment of a plane, is said to be as tough, as resistant, and as enduring as any metal now employed.

A Promise of Peace

The employment of Duramold is restricted at present to the fuselage. But it is hoped to make wings and tail of the same material. Then the all-plastic plane will be as common as the motor-car, because it will be turned out in vast numbers to a standard pattern, and will be cheaper far than the plane can be now, because of the saving in the cost of labour.

The inventors of Duramold look forward to a future when any country from Portugal to Peru can have as many planes as it likes; and they see in this a promise of peace for the world, because none will dare to use the bombing plane for war.

Let us hope this dream will not follow that of Wilbur Wright, who also hoped that his invention would make mankind peacefully-minded.

The C N URGENT NOTE

The Editor asks all C N readers to note particularly the important announcement on the back page and to give it their urgent attention.

Eclipse of the Sun at the South Pole

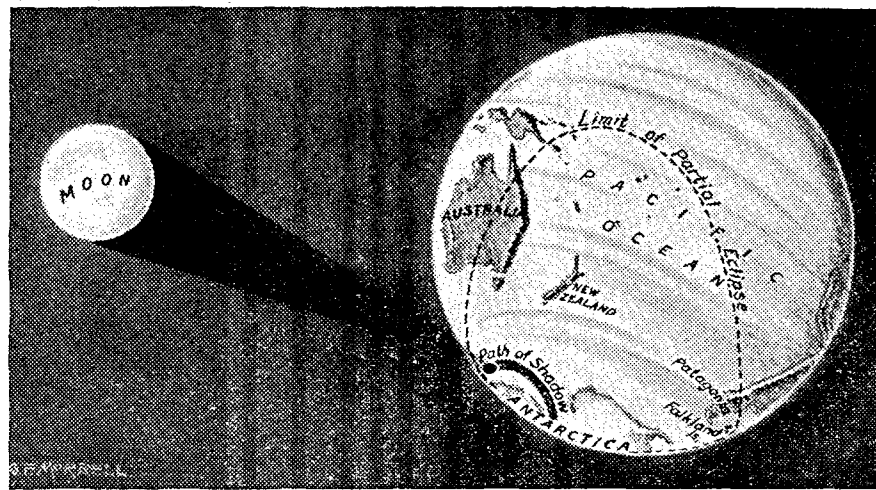
A SHOWER OF METEORS OVERHEAD

THE Moon, writes the C N Astronomer, will pass between the Earth and the Sun on Thursday next, October 12, when the Sun will appear totally eclipsed, but only as seen from the Antarctic regions, where there will be few to observe it. This eclipse is nevertheless interesting because the Moon's cone of shadow will only just flick across the southern tip of the Earth, as shown in the picture.

This shadow indicates where the Sun will appear totally eclipsed along a path averaging about 250 miles wide. It will travel in a semicircle, first striking the Earth on the Southern ocean about 1200 miles south of Tasmania, then curving round in a curious fashion along

purposes if only it took place over inhabited regions that were easily accessible. When the eclipse took place last April the Moon was far from perigee, and so she could not quite cover up the Sun, but gave rise to an annular eclipse with the Sun appearing as a ring of light round the Moon at central eclipse. In eighteen years' time this pair of eclipses will recur, and so on for millions of years hence. This is yet another example of the orderly, precise, and perfectly balanced mechanism of the glorious heavens.

Though the eclipse will not be visible from this country, there may be a fine display of meteors between the evenings



Pictorial diagram showing the peculiarity of next week's total eclipse of the Sun

a path over barren Antarctica toward the South Pole, which, however, it will not actually cross.

This event will appear, more or less, as a partial eclipse over a very wide area of the Southern Pacific and include eastern Australia, New Zealand, Patagonia, and the Falkland Islands, as indicated by the broken line on the picture of the Earth. This eclipse is the one that pairs with the similar eclipse of April 19 last, with the difference that the Moon's shadow was then directed upwards instead of downwards and just caught the northern tip of the Earth, passing over Alaska and curving round past the North Pole. In England we were able to observe that as a partial eclipse, just as in New Zealand next week's eclipse will be observed. But on this occasion the Moon will be near perigee, her nearest point to the Earth and only 224,000 miles away; so she will much more than cover the Sun along the line of central eclipse, which may therefore last for five or six minutes instead of a few seconds, as happened across England in 1927.

We see, therefore, what a splendid eclipse this would be for scientific

of October 8 and 10, most probably on that of October 9. The meteors are expected to radiate from the constellation of Draco, not far from overhead toward the west, and they are particularly interesting this year because they appear to be associated with a small comet now approaching the Earth.

This is the Comet Giacobini-Zinner, which was discovered in 1900 and is known to revolve between the orbit of Jupiter and the neighbourhood of the Sun. Consequently it crosses the Earth's orbit at intervals of 6½ years, and is expected to do so early next year; but the Earth is not near the comet's path until about October 9. Now, it so happens that on certain previous occasions when the Earth has been near the comet's path a fine display of meteors has been observed. This has been when the comet was comparatively not far off. A very fine shower of this cometary debris was observed on October 9, 1933, and previously in 1926 and 1927. So this year, under the favourable conditions of the absence of moonlight and artificial light, we may be favoured with another display of these "celestial fireworks" from distant space.

G. F. M.

MILLIONS OF MICROBES LEAVE PARIS

THE Pasteur Institute has evacuated its microbes from Paris.

Like the Lister Institute in London, the Pasteur Institute has what is called a type collection of germs. These germs are collected from all over the world, and represent all the known diseases caused by germs.

These deadly bacteria and viruses are generally preserved in glass vessels, where they are kept alive in various kinds of broth or jelly on which they feed and multiply. There must be literally billions of these microscopic creatures. While they are sealed in their glass houses they can do no harm, but if a bomb were to fall in the museum, scattering the microbes

far and wide, the results would be disastrous. The disaster would not be that of the danger of letting these tiny things loose, for no harm would be done unless some of the worst of them fell on a passer-by. If they fell into a fountain there might be a different tale to tell.

The disaster of their loss by bomb or shell-fire would be of a different kind. They have taken years to collect, and thousands of hours of many scientific men to study, classify, and grow. If all this knowledge were scattered the loss would take many years to make good. It is for this reason that the Pasteur Institute is evacuating its billions of germs.

CITY OF SHAME

21 Years Ago and Now

Before the meeting of the ravaging German and Russian armies at Brest-Litovsk passes into the record of unbelievable things come true, youthful readers may be interested to learn why the world gasped at that city having been chosen for this infamous encounter.

Brest-Litovsk was the scene of treaty-making between the same two countries 21 years ago, a treaty that disgraced the conquering Germans and reduced the yielding Russians to ignominy and humiliation.

For the first three years of the Great War Russia, under the weak but well-meaning Tsar Nicholas, was our Ally. Behind the lines, aiming at the overthrow of the ruling classes and the destruction of private property and the Church, the Russian Bolsheviks were an enemy more subtly dangerous than the Germans.

Lenin's Sealed Train

Seeing their chance, the Germans conveyed the exiled Bolshevik leader Lenin across Europe in a sealed train, and let him loose to conspire with Trotsky for the treacherous withdrawal of Russia from the war.

The plan succeeded all too well. The two leaders brought the Russian effort to an end and, in breach of all treaties, made a separate peace with Germany. Negotiations were conducted at Brest-Litovsk, where the Germans threatened and thundered, and the Russians bluffed and blustered.

Never had an international conference a more fantastic setting: never since the destruction of Carthage had such a gathering an issue more shameful to those who imposed it, more humiliating to those who accepted.

Russia at first declared for the restoration of all territories conquered, the right to self-determination by all peoples in the lands involved, and no payment of indemnities by anybody.

The Infamous Betrayal

At this the Germans roared afresh and banged the table with their swords. The terms they eventually imposed on the men who had betrayed the Allies were these. Neither side was to employ propaganda against the other, and Russia was deprived of Estonia, Livonia, Finland, Ukraine, East Anatolia, Ardahan, Kars, and Batum, and had to pay £300,000,000 to Germany as an indemnity.

Although, then as now, Russia had played humanity false, the victorious Allies came to her aid in November 1918 by annulling the infamous Treaty.

The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, concluded by Stalin's associates 21 years ago, covered Russia with ignominy and confined her within geographical limits that had been her frontiers in the 17th century.

Yet it was this scene of their own disgrace, and of Germany's brutal tyranny over them, that they chose as meeting-place with their former oppressors when the armies of the two peoples met and exchanged greetings before completing an outrage still more horrible, the dividing-up of a sister nation.

Brest-Litovsk will remain a place of evil memory until the great new wrong is righted, as righted it will be.

AT SCHOOL IN BLENHEIM PALACE

The Remarkable Story of a Great House

BLENHEIM PALACE has been made into a school for wartime. It is, of course, the nation's gift to the Duke of Marlborough.

Everybody knows some lines of Robert Southey's best little poem:

*Pray tell us all about the war
And what they fought each other for;*

but everybody does not know the remarkable story of this great house. Set in a park of 2500 acres, Blenheim Palace itself covers three acres like a little kingdom in stone; 850 feet long, its buildings form a huge block with wings joined by arcades forming courtyards. The grounds are said to have been laid out to represent a plan of the Battle of Blenheim. One avenue stretches for two miles from the palace and some of the oaks go back to the time of our Plantagenet kings. In the park is a wonderful Cedar of Lebanon.

Column of Victory

The great lake is half natural and half artificial, the River Glyme having been dammed. It is spanned by a bridge 390 feet long with a centre span of over 100 feet, and on the bridge are rooms intended for use in the summer. The Column of Victory seen from the bridge is crowned by a heroic figure of the Duke of Marlborough as a Roman, and round the base of the column is a record of his battles. The Italian gardens, which are frequently open for all, are a wonder of colour in summer and have handsome bronze statues, topiary shrubs, and fountains; they are among the finest of their kind in the kingdom.

The architect of Blenheim was Sir John Vanbrugh, but its real builder was Sarah Jennings, the Duke of Marlborough's Duchess. An extraordinary woman, she had been from childhood with Queen Anne, and had married the duke as a girl of 18. She ruled her royal mistress like a tyrant, and reduced her to abject submission with her "Madam, it must be so; it must be done."

Marlborough became the foremost man in Europe, dictating to the Government, and his wife became the first woman at Court, dictating to the queen. A great change came, when, with the duke at the height of his fame, Sarah Jennings' penniless cousin, known to history as Mrs Masham, supplanted Sarah in the affections of Queen Anne. The tide turned

after Blenheim, and so the palace which Parliament had voted the victor was built in anxiety and vexation, with very reluctant payments from the Treasury as the work went on. It was the duchess who superintended the work, and she quarrelled with everybody. Yet she delighted in getting ambassadors abroad to buy rich fabrics for her. She had great tapestries made, and it pleased her to know that her library was the biggest of any private building in England, and that at one point (so true was the work) she could see the light through a line of ten key-holes.

Conqueror and Builder

She built like an empress founding a capital, and year after year the struggle went on. Once she stopped the building because the Treasurer's cheque was not forthcoming; at another time the workmen struck for more wages. The duke died, a palsied, broken man, and the house was still unfinished; but the duchess, friendless and embittered, plodded on, and in two years Blenheim was complete. It was 20 years since Vanbrugh had laid the first stone, and he took his wife to see the house, but the duchess would not let him in. It had cost half a million, and she lived here in great state, though she had Marlborough House in London as a second home. Estranged from her family and friends, but invincible to the last, she died in London but was here laid in the chapel she had built for her John. He had lain for 22 years in Westminster Abbey, but together they came to Blenheim, the conqueror and the builder.

The Faithful Duchess

She had written to him in her youth:

*Wherever you are, while I have life,
my soul shall follow you, my ever dear
Lord Marl, and wherever I am I
should only kill the time wishing for
night that I may sleep and hope the
next day to hear from you.*

When she was old and alone in the world, the Duke of Somerset sought her hand, and this is what she wrote to him:

*If I were young and handsome as I
was, instead of old and faded as I am,
and you could lay the empire of the
world at my feet, you should never
share the heart and hand that once
belonged to John, Duke of Marlborough.*

What Colour Can Do

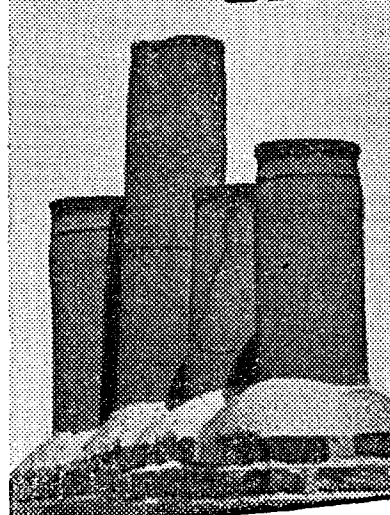
How many of us realise that colours play an exceedingly important part in our lives? We are governed by the rainbow much more than we may realise; and it was a surprise to a number of people in America one day when they discovered that colours really do affect us in many ways.

They were invited by an illumination engineer to attend a dinner party. Only the richest and best food was served, and the tables were beautifully and extravagantly decorated. Everything was done that could be done to make the guests gay, except that the lamps were fitted with filters to cut off all colour except red and green.

As a result the guests sat down to grey steaks grilled to perfection, fresh celery which looked pink, salads which were violet, garden peas looking like unpalatable black pills, coffee which was a sickly yellow, and milk almost the colour of blood. Many of the guests found themselves unable to eat or drink, and some of those who were brave enough to sample the delicious food felt ill afterwards.

This curious experiment was made to prove that our sense of taste and smell, and our ability to enjoy food and drink, depends to a considerable extent on the colours of the things set before us.

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Because the surface of chimney-pots is rough they are dull. Soot sticks to the rough surface. Chimney-pots get dull and dark.

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Our familiar slogan "£8 a day just pays our way" unhappily no longer holds good. The situation created by the War, with the inevitable increases in maintenance costs, makes our needs today greater than ever before.

To enable us to carry on uninterruptedly with our work of administering skilled medical and nursing services to the children from London's poorest areas, we appeal to all readers for a measure of support not only equal to former contributions, but for increased subscriptions.



PLEASE SEND A GIFT NOW TO—The Secretary, The Little Folks Home Fund, The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2.

Stop that COLD
with VAPEX

THE "BLACK-OUT"
HAS BROUGHT TO LIGHT many new pressing problems in the homes of the very poor visited so regularly by the Deaconesses from our seven Mission Centres. **WE MUST CONTINUE** to rise to the great occasion, comforting anxious mothers, whether they are parted from their far-away children or have their little ones still in their care in East London. **ALSO WE MUST CHEER** and hearten **MANY OLD MEN** living in poverty and loneliness. If you can come to our aid with a generous gift, please do so soon and liberally.—R.S.V.P. THE REV. PERCY INESON, EAST END MISSION, Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

Complete in Two Parts

SMOKE SIGNAL By Christopher Beck

CHAPTER 1

Night Alarm

BIG John Sterndale smiled. "Yes," he said, "there's gold in some of these Patagonian streams, but it wasn't gold that gave me my start. It was wool."

"Wool!" repeated young Alan Sterndale, gazing at his uncle in amazement. "You can't get wool without sheep, and you told us you had to buy your sheep before you started ranching here."

"I'm not talking of sheep's wool," replied his uncle. "This was guanaco wool."

Eric, Alan's younger brother, burst out laughing. "You roped them, Uncle John, I suppose, and sheared them."

A great gust of wind roared over the lonely farmhouse. John Sterndale waited till it passed.

"I did not rope them, Eric, but I did shear them."

The two boys sat silent. They realised their uncle was serious. But how anyone could shear a guanaco, which is a wild llama and as hard to approach as a wild goat, was more than they could fathom. Their uncle went on.

"They were dead already, boys. Yes, five hundred or more, lying along the shore of Lake Argentino. Killed by a pampero. There they lay, with their long necks stretched out and hoar frost glistening on their wool. The carcasses were still fresh, and Simon and I set to work at once. We got nearly a ton of wool. Luckily we had plenty of pack-horses, and we took the stuff to Santa Cruz and sold it for nearly £200. That gave me my start. Then I went back alone to look for more wool, and that time I nearly didn't come back at all." He looked at the boys. "Ever hear of the Wild Man of Santa Ana?"

"Rather," said both brothers at once. "I woke one morning," said their uncle, "and saw a man riding towards me, his hair down his back; his beard was a foot long, and he was dressed in skins. He looked like Robinson Crusoe. I sat up and reached for my gun, and the fellow pulled up just out of range. Then I saw that all my four horses were gone. He had driven them off. I shouted at him. He did not answer, but remained where he was."

"To make a long story short, I stayed and he stayed, until at last I realised that my only chance was to get away afoot to Chandler's place, which was 70 miles distant. So I packed as much grub as I could carry on my back and started, and as I reached the top of the next rise there was the Wild Man gathering up all the stuff I'd had to leave behind me. He got my saddle too, and that was a beauty."

"He didn't chase you?" said Alan. "Why should he? It was the grub he wanted, especially tea and matches. He robbed lots of people like that, but I never heard that he hurt any. All the same, he nearly finished me, for it came on to snow, and I was all in when I got to Chandler's."

"What became of the Wild Man?" Eric asked.

"I don't know, boy. I should think he's dead by this time. I've been here 14 years now."

"And Lake Argentino—have you ever been there again, Uncle?" Alan inquired.

"Never. It's a weird sheet of water. The Andes rise at the far end. Miles and miles of mountain and forest, great gorges and glaciers. The Indians call it the Haunted Country and won't go there. No one else goes. There's nothing to go for except fossils."

"And gold?" put in Eric.

His uncle shrugged. "A little, perhaps."

"There's game," said Alan.

"Plenty," agreed Mr Sterndale. "Guanaco, deer, ostriches, red wolves, and any amount of duck." He got up. "I'm for bed. Goodnight, lads."

The boys sat in the big living-room and talked for a long time. Outside a great gale thundered over the ranch house. Patagonia is the windiest place on earth.

"I'm going," said Eric at last. "I'm going to see this queer lake if it's the last thing I do."

"You can't go unless Uncle John says you can," Alan remarked.

"Don't you want to go?" Eric burst out.

Alan refused to get excited. "I'm as keen as you, Eric, and you know it. I want to see the place, and I'd like to dig some gold. We need money for our trip to England next year. But it will all depend on Uncle John. If he says No we can't get horses or grub."

"He won't say No," Eric declared. "You'll see."

Alan knew more of the risks of travel in Patagonia than his younger brother and did not believe for a moment that his uncle would let them go. To his surprise, Eric got permission at once. "But on one condition," said Uncle John. "Simon must go with you, and you can take Orthez as well. And Simon is boss. You understand that."

The boys agreed gratefully, and within two days all was ready for their long ride. They took a dozen horses. Horses are plentiful in Patagonia, and extra animals are always taken in case of accident. It doesn't do to get stranded on the pampas a couple of hundred miles from anywhere.

Old Simon, who was half Spaniard and half Tehuelche Indian, knew the country like a book, and kept the party on the right trail, and young Orthez was a splendid horseman and a good cook. The boys of course took their full share in all the work. Though they did not know it, their uncle had told Simon to put them through it. He meant to leave them his property if they proved fit to handle it.

On the eighth evening the party topped a rise, and Simon reined up and pointed to the west. Beneath a huge red sun an irregular line of white seemed to be pasted against the sky.

Eric gave a shout. "Mountains, Alan. The Andes."

"Si, senores, it is the Cordillera," said Simon. He held up two fingers. "Two days, we reach Lago Argentino."

He was exactly right. Two days' steady riding and suddenly they were on top of a long bare ridge, looking down on a great lonely lake. There was not a boat on its surface, not a house on its hundred miles of shore. A strong wind from the west tumbled the grey waters into long lines of foam-capped waves, and brought the chill of snow from the great mass of mountains which lay between the lake and the Pacific Ocean. Simon pointed to a river which came out of the mountains and, foaming down the bottom of a deep ravine, fell into the lake.

"El Rio Spero," he said. "It was there the Senor and I found the dead herd."

They camped that night in the gorge. The boys were so thrilled that it was a long time before they could sleep. Alan was the first to doze off, and at last Eric slept. But not

for long. The sound that roused him was the strangest groaning and crashing. He rolled out of his blankets and scrambled to his feet.

"An earthquake!" he shouted. "The mountain is falling down."

CHAPTER 2

Mystery Bones

SIMON roused. "It is no earthquake. It is the bad spirits that cry in the hills." Eric spoke to his brother. "You heard it. What is it, Alan?"

"Sounded like a landslide. But it was a long way off. And if Simon says it's all right we needn't worry." He went to sleep soundly again, but Eric got up quietly and went down to the river. To his amazement hardly any water was coming down. He stood and stared at the shrunken stream. Then all of a sudden he saw a great wall of water rushing upon him, and sprang back just in time to escape being swept away by a thundering wave which was capped with masses of crashing ice.

He drew a long breath. The mystery was solved. What he had heard was a glacier breaking high in the hills. A mass of ice had fallen into the river and dammed it. Then the weight of water pounding behind it had broken the dam and let loose this flood. He went back, rolled up warmly, and slept till morning.

As soon as Alan was awake he told him what he had seen, and said he wanted to go up and see the glacier.

"I thought we were going to dig gold," replied Alan.

"Plenty of time for that," Eric said quickly. "Do come up and have a look at this glacier. I've never seen one."

Simon was not too keen about their going up the mountain. He still believed in the bad spirits. However, they persuaded him, and presently he gave his consent.

"But listen!" he said. "If you get into trouble make two smokes. You know—the way I have shown you. I come quick."

Alan knew all about the smoke signals. He promised. Then he and Eric took some food and a gun and after breakfast started up the wild gorge through which the river came down out of the mountains. Cliffs towered on either side and rocks littered the floor of the gorge. It was all very well for long-legged Alan, but Eric found it hard travelling.

Up and up they went, but there was not a sign of the glacier. They were out of the wind, and the sun blazed down. At last Eric dropped on a rock.

"Tired?" Alan asked.

"A bit. Give me five minutes and I'll be all right."

Alan pointed to a dark hole in the cliff face to the left. "There's a cave. It will be cool and shady inside. Let's go over and rest there."

Eric agreed, and they clambered among the boulders to the cave mouth. It was bigger than they had thought and a short passage led into a large, dim chamber. The floor was flat and was of earth, not rock.

"Looks to me as if someone had lived here," remarked Alan, and struck a match. The light shone on a long white ridge sticking up out of the clay floor, and Eric sprang forward to examine it.

"It's a bone!" he cried. "A whacking great bone."

"A bone," repeated Alan sharply, and quickly lighted a stub of candle which he took from his haversack. "Yes, it's a bone," he allowed; "but it's as big as an elephant's. And they certainly never had elephants in this country."

"It's the spine of some beast," said Eric, "and the rest is all buried." He kicked at the ground but it was too hard to move. "I say, let's go back to camp and get a spade. We must find out what this is."

"I thought you were tired," grinned Alan.

"Half an hour's rest and I'll be all right," Eric declared. "Suppose we eat our lunch while we wait."

Alan agreed and they got out their bread and cold meat. The food freshened them and they started back. It was much easier going downhill than up, and they were back at camp in little more than an hour, when they told Simon of their discovery.

Simon was not interested in bones. All he said was that they must be back by dark. So they took the shovel and pick which they had brought for their gold-digging and returned to the cave.

Once they had loosened the top layer of earth they found softer ground below, and within an hour had got out a bone rather more than ten feet long. It was part of the spine of some very big animal, and the strange thing was that it looked so fresh.

"It can't have been dead very long," said Alan thoughtfully.

"You mean there might be some alive still," said Eric, looking round sharply.

"I didn't mean that. I meant it might have died a few hundred years ago, but not a few thousand. The bone isn't fossilised."

Eric looked into the hole. "There are more bones down there. If we could find its head or even a leg we could tell more about it."

They began to dig again, and got out two great curved ribs. Eric gazed at them in awe.

"The beast must have weighed tons," he declared. "It's going to take days to get it all out." He looked at his watch. "We've an hour yet before we need start." He took up the pick, stepped down again into the hole, and began to enlarge the opening. At the second stroke his pick stuck, and when he tried to wrench it out a great sheet of something hard and heavy fell into the pit. He hauled it out.

"It's skin," he cried. Alan lifted it.

"It's skin," he repeated in a voice that was not quite steady. "And—and it's got hair on it. And look! You can even see the veins on the inner side." Eric ran his fingers through the hair, which was long and coarse and of a dull brownish colour.

"Then it wasn't a reptile," he said, "but a warm-blooded creature. Alan, isn't this hair rather like a sloth's?"

"A sloth. That's it, of course. Eric, you touched the button that time. There's a book by a chap called Hesketh Pritchard. I read it long ago and had forgotten all about it, but now I remember. He came out here to look for the Giant Sloth. He says the natives used to keep them in caves, but what they did with them he didn't know. Perhaps they ate them."

Eric drew a long breath.

"The Giant Sloth. Jolly good name for it. Then we've found something worth while, old chap." He picked up the slab of skin. "We'll take this back to camp, but we'll have to bring a wagon to fetch the bones back."

Alan caught him by the arm with a grip that hurt. "Shut up and look over there," he hissed. He pointed out of the mouth of the cave.

On the far side of the river a man walked up the valley with long springy steps. His hair hung down his back, his face was covered with a matted beard. He was dressed in skins. Eric looked at his brother. "A white man," he whispered. Alan nodded.

"A wild man," he added. "Just like the one Uncle told us about."

TO BE CONCLUDED

JACKO JUMPS FOR IT

It was Mother Jacko's baking day, and Jacko was making himself a distinct nuisance.

He couldn't resist the sight of the crisp little cakes just out of the oven. Every time his mother's back was turned he darted forward and helped himself to another. Soon there would be none left.

"You are a tiresome boy!" exclaimed

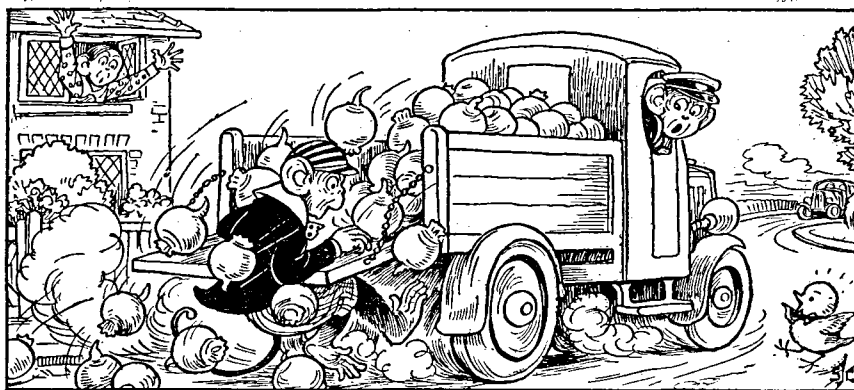
he sat looking mightily pleased with himself.

The driver heard him.

"Get off there! Do you hear?"

Jacko heard all right, but he made no attempt to obey. He was having a very pleasant ride on a dull day.

"Get off there!" shouted the man, getting annoyed. "Or you'll be sorry."



Out rolled the turnips all over the road

Mother Jacko at last, snatching the dish away. "Get out of my kitchen this very minute!"

Grinning cheerfully, his mouth full of delicious hot cake, Jacko ran out into the lane.

Bearing down on him, in the middle of the road, came a big lorry, loaded to the top with turnips for the market. As it eased up a bit to turn a corner Jacko caught sight of a hanging chain.

He caught hold of it and swung himself up to the top. And there

"That's where you're wrong," answered Jacko cheekily. "I'm enjoying it."

That was a bit too much.

"Oh, you are, are you? We'll see about that."

On went the brakes and the lorry pulled up with a jerk.

Jacko put his hands on the tailboard and jumped.

But the board could not have been securely fastened. Down it went with a bang—and out rolled the turnips all over the road!

The Leaf of the Willow

Everybody knows the willow, particularly the one called the Babylonian weeping willow, which really comes from China and is often seen in parks. The Chinese adore the willow, and it is constantly seen in their pictures and decorations. It gives its name to our willow pattern china, which of course we copied from the Chinese.

Probably the first willow we shall see will be the common crack willow, by some stream; or else the great white willow, a tall silvery tree also called the



Huntingdon willow. This great tree grows right through Europe, and in Asia and Africa too. Cricket bats are made from another tall silvery willow, which is a cross between the Huntingdon willow and another wild one. Willow trees are started from great cuttings six feet long put into the moist ground near rivers. But they will not grow under water. The part of the cutting that goes below the water-line dies, and all the roots will be found spreading in the ground above the water-line. When a big willow blows down the dead bottom end of the original cutting can be seen sticking out below the great root mat. This is a fine object-lesson, showing that even water-side trees must be planted in drained ground.

The Little Black Boy

A little coloured fellow was taken from house to house all one sunny afternoon.

There were many kind hearts in the Lancashire town to which the evacuee had been sent, but no one wanted a coloured child.

At last some people took pity on him. They welcomed him indoors and smiled at him, and presently began putting him to bed. It was then, while undressing him, that they came upon a five-pound note stitched inside his singlet. There was this message too: "Thank you for taking him in. There will be more money if you are kind to him."

Competition Result

In C.N. Competition Number 88 the two neatest correct entries were sent in by Gladys Cluness, Garfildie, Kinghorn, Fife; and Philip Baker, 49 Bryngwyn Road, Newport, Monmouthshire. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The 20 prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

Joan Child, Bournemouth; John Davidson, Kenton; Betty Dolton, Redditch; Iris Edwards, Letchworth; Hedley Green, Frome; Rosalie Harris, High Wycombe; Sandy Hope, Bo'ness; Diana Lathbury, Lyndhurst; Rosemary Lidstone, Culhampton; Lorna Locke, Hornsey; Mary Parker, Redditch; Victoria Parry, Taunton; Jeanne Passat, Surbiton; Daphne Royston, Surbiton; Jean Sandford, Godalming; Connie Skelick, Northampton; Bryan Smith, Welling; Betty Start, Newark; J. Wakefield, Maidstone; Helen Williams, Prescot.

The correct answers were:

1 Sewing machine. 2 Tube of paint. 3 Baby. 4 Flowers. 5 Map. 6 Mangle. 7 Flower-pot. 8 Bell.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of October 1914

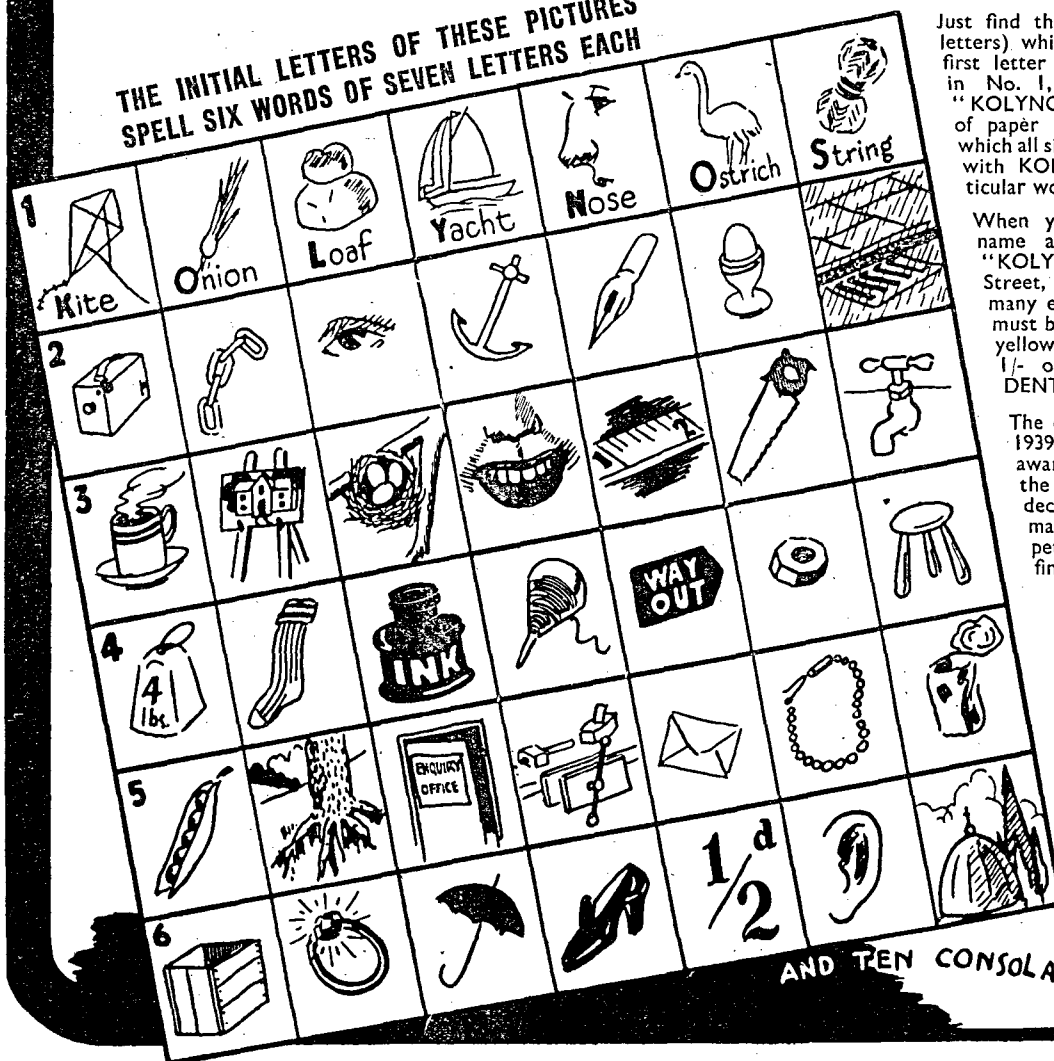
The Fisherman. No wonder they love our British soldiers! With heavy firing sounding in the distance, a correspondent found a British soldier sitting on the banks of a canal, calmly fishing, using his rifle and bayonet as a rod. Perhaps to-morrow the canal might be choked with dead; perhaps he might be in it, but he would wait his time. The same correspondent found another British soldier, after the Battle of Mons, evidently in great distress. Asked if his wound was hurting him, he said: "It's not that, but I'm blessed if I haven't been and lost my pipe in that last charge." The correspondent gave him another pipe, and he was instantly comforted.

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THAT YOU CAN WIN!**

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KOLYNOS COMPETITION

THE INITIAL LETTERS OF THESE PICTURES
SPELL SIX WORDS OF SEVEN LETTERS EACH



Just find the six words (each of seven letters) which are spelt by taking the first letter of each picture, as shown in No. 1, which obviously spells "KOLYNOS." Then write on a sheet of paper a sentence or sentences in which all six words appear in association with KOLYNOS, underlining the particular words found from the pictures.

When you've done this, add your name and address, and post to "KOLYNOS," Dept. C.8, 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1. Send in as many entries as you like, but each must be accompanied by one of the yellow cartons taken from a 6d., 1/- or 1/9 tube of KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM.

The closing date is November 13, 1939, and the prizes will be awarded in order of merit for the best entries received. The decision of the judges in all matters relating to this Competition must be accepted as final.

FIRST PRIZE

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SECOND PRIZE

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THIRD PRIZE

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AND TEN CONSOLATION PRIZES!

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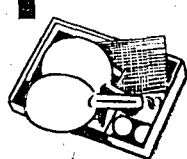


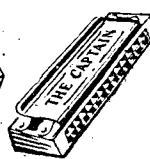
TABLE TENNIS SET in box with net, two posts, two bats and three balls. 99 Coupons and Free Voucher.



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SHOW THIS TO YOUR MOTHER Rowntree's Cocoa is made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that, besides being more digestible itself, it actually aids digestion. It helps children to get more body-building nourishment out of all their other food as well.

Also hundreds of other Free Gifts. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. SC63, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for the complete list of boys' and girls' gifts. You will also get a Free Voucher, value three coupons — that's really getting something for nothing!

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

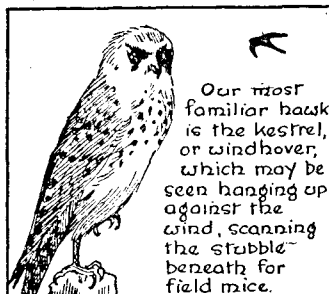
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 7, 1939

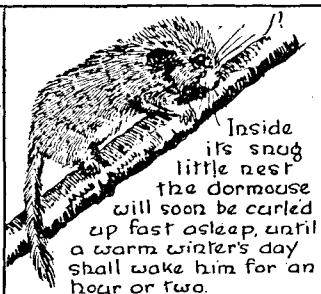
Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

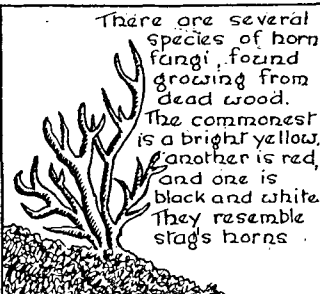
October Out of Doors



Our most familiar hawk is the kestrel, or windhover, which may be seen hanging up against the wind, scanning the stubble beneath for field mice.



Inside its snug little nest the dormouse will soon be curled up fast asleep, until a warm winter's day shall wake him for an hour or two.



There are several species of horn fungi, found growing from dead wood. The commonest is a bright yellow, another is red, and one is black and white. They resemble stag's horns.



The fire will now be returning to our gardens to take up winter quarters and peanuts and coconuts will attract both blue and great tits.

THE BRAN TUB

Small Indeed

THE question on the blackboard was, "What is a molecule?"

Willie's answer was: "A molecule is something so small that it cannot be seen through a microscope."

A Beheaded Word

HUSH! hush! break not the silence

While I am hovering near,
In sickness and in sorrow
Ever a friend most dear.

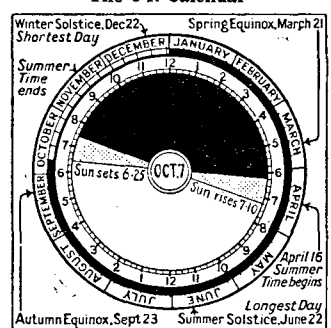
Yet just cut off my head, and now
What are you all about
That with such noise and bustle
You should strive to sweep me
out?

Answer next week

In the Yard

WHY is the letter Y like 9 inches? Because it is the fourth part of a yard.

The CN Calendar



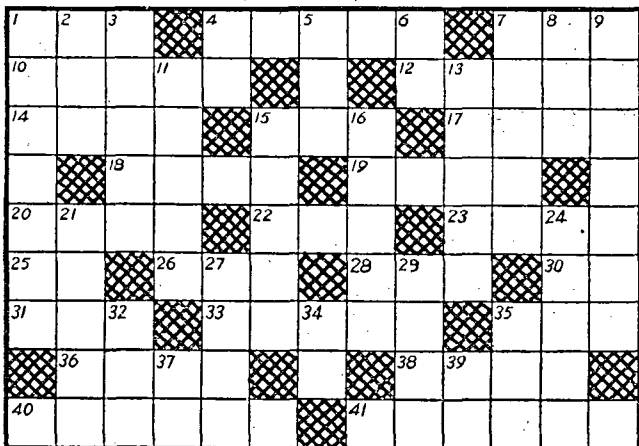
THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on October 7. The black section of the circle under the months shows how much of the year has gone. The days are now getting shorter. Summer Time, which should have ended on Sunday morning, October 8, is prolonged for six weeks.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1. A mischievous person. 4. A mournful poem. 7. Rested. 10. Pertaining to the nose. 12. The final part of an ode. 14. Nansen's famous ship. 15. To weep convulsively. 17. Terminates. 18. A list of candidates in Scotland. 19. A circlet of gold. 20. A lady in rank. 22. Bustle. 23. A continent. 25. French for and. 26. The border. 28. Every one. 30. Direct current. 31. To trim by cutting. 33. Agricultural implement. 35. A guide. 36. French for Christmas. 38. A yard. 40. Married. 41. A history year by year.

Reading Down. 1. A disbeliever. 2. To hinder. 3. A sacred song. 4. Electric light. 5. The conscious thinking subject. 6. Old English term for the. 7. Vocal melodies. 8. To unite. 9. The state of having left a will. 11. An Eastern ruler. 13. Pertaining to punishment. 15. To impress with a mark. 16. Wide. 21. To make amends. 24. Imaginary model of perfection. 27. Land surrounded by water. 29. Thin. 32. A seed case. 34. Roman copper coin. 35. A destructive New Zealand parrot. 37. Editor. 39. Our sure and certain shield.

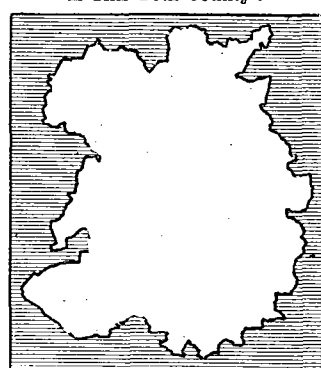
Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week



Nightmare

A TORTOISE who'd been hibernating complained "It was most irritating That my dreams should all run On a pastime I shun, And shall never attempt—figure-skating!"

Is This Your County?



FEW of us know what a map of our county looks like. Do you know this one? Answer next week

A Triumph of Indexing

IN a certain law book the index contains the entry, "Best, Mr Justice, his great mind." On turning up the page referred to we find the sentence, "Mr Justice Best said he had a great mind to commit the witness for prevarication."

What Happened on Your Birthday

- Oct. 8. Prussia annexed Frankfort-on-Main . 1866
- 9. Fall of Cardinal Wolsey . 1529
- 10. Battle of Tours . 732
- 11. Sir Thomas Wyatt died . 1542
- 12. Columbus discovered America . 1492
- 13. Murat, king of Naples, shot . 1815
- 14. William Penn born . 1644

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars is in the south-west, and Jupiter and Saturn are in the south-east. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, October 8.

Try This One

ASK your friend to select any domino he pleases and, while he is hiding it from you, ask him to multiply by two the points at one end. Either end will do; then add five, and multiply the total by five. Next he is to add the points at the other end and to tell you the total. You will then tell him what points were on the domino he chose.

All you have to do is to subtract 25 from the total he gives you, and the two digits left give the required numbers. Thus, if he chooses the 6-3, he would multiply, say, 6 by 2; add 5; then multiply by 5; next he would add the

The Runaway Colt

JIM ran down the lane, bouncing his ball as he went. Then, a higher bounce and the ball was in the field. It was a thick hedge and the gate was too high to climb, and Jim was half afraid to open it because there was a colt pushing it as if determined to get out. But he did want his ball, and he decided to open the gate just a little and try to squeeze through.

Jim unlatched the gate—and the next second he was on his back on the ground and the colt was flying down the lane. Jumping up, Jim called the farm call of "Co-op, co-op"; but the colt took not the slightest notice and was quickly out of sight.

Sadly Jim closed the gate, knowing what he ought to do, but he was afraid that the farmer would be angry. He started to run to the farm.

He found the farmer in his yard and told him what had happened. The farmer wasted no time scolding, but said, "Accidents will happen. Hop in and we'll see if we can catch him." And off they went.

On the way the farmer explained that he thought he knew where the colt would be, for he had taken its mother away into another field and it was fretting for her.

Sure enough, they soon heard the colt neighing, and,

points at the other end, 3, giving a total of 88. From this figure you subtract 25, leaving 63. The domino he selected was the 6-3. It works just the same if he had first multiplied 3 by 2.

Ici on Parle Français



La montre Le bureau de poste La lettre
watch post office letter

Ma montre indique dix heures dix. Où est ma lettre? Je dois me hâter d'aller à la poste.

My watch says ten minutes past ten. Where is my letter? I must hurry to the post.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Peter Puck's Fun Fair
Matchbox Trick. You will find it easy to lift the matchbox cover by putting the end of your nose in it!

Sky-writing. The pilot meant to form the word Pierrots.

Fruit Puzzle. Put the words BANANA and ORANGE in the blank lines.

How Many? There are at least 20 objects ending with the letter E. House, pipe, aeroplane, horse, stile, ledge, mantelpiece, cigarette, smoke, case, vase, fence, picture, frame, pane, tree, fire, tile, globe, shade.

Five-Minute Story

turning a corner, they found it trying frantically to get into a field.

The farmer stopped his car and jumped out. "Listen," he said. "Something's wrong."

Opening the gate, he started to run across the field. The colt galloped ahead and Jim raced behind. Through that field they ran, and into another one to which it led. At the far side of this they saw the mare, struggling wildly. She had thrust her head through a fence to reach some fallen crab-apples and had been unable to get it back again.

Even before he reached her the farmer had his jack knife ready, and, hurrying up to the fence, he started hacking at the rail which held the mare. In her struggles she would soon have been strangled.

The colt pushed and shoved, trying to help its mother, but only hindering. Jim did his part by keeping it back as much as he could. At last the rail snapped and she was free. With a joyful neigh, she shook her head and careered round and round the field with the colt after her.

The farmer laughed with relief. "She's all right now," he said, "and I'll leave them together. And as for you, my boy, I see you'll make a good farmer."

The War and the CN MOST IMPORTANT

THE CN has already stated its wartime policy, and we are confident of a big demand for the paper. But there are difficulties in the way.

We must all do our utmost to help our country and to keep things going, and one help all CN readers can give is to place a fixed order for the CN.

WOOD pulp, from which paper is made, comes from abroad and in wartime cargo space is valuable. Ships carrying the consignments may even be sunk, so that it is absolutely imperative that there shall be no waste.

READERS are therefore asked to help by placing a fixed order for the CN each week. It is the only way to make sure of receiving your copy, for newsagents must now order only the exact number of CNs they require. If more are ordered than are actually required they will remain unsold and will be a loss to the newsagent.

IF you have not already placed an order for your CN will you please fill in and hand this Order Form to your newsagent?

Children's Newspaper ORDER FORM

Please obtain for me the CN each week

Name

Address

THANK YOU